McKEAN COUNTY MINER.

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Official Directory

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State Treasurer—Samuel M. Jackson.
Auditor General—David McM. Gregg.
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FOES IN AMBUSH

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

A new May morning was breaking, its faint rosy light warming the crests of the Santa Maria, when Lieutenant Drummond signaled "halt" to his little band, the first halt since leaving Moreno's at 2:30. Down in a rocky canyon a number of hoof prints on the trail diverged to the left and followed an abrupt descent, while the wagons had kept to the right and by a winding and more gradual road seemed to have sought a crossing farther to the west. It was easy to divine that, with such elements in the gang, there had been no long separation between the horsemen and the treasure they were guarding, and, eager as he was to overtake the renegades, Drummond promptly decided to follow the hoof tracks, rightly conjecturing, too, that they would bring him to water in the rocky tanks below.

Dismounting and leading his big sorrel, he sprang lightly from ledge to ledge down what seemed a mere goat trail, each man in succession dismounting at the same point and with more or less elasticity coming on in the footsteps of his leader. The faint wan light of early dawn was rendering neighboring objects visible on the sandy plain behind them, but had not yet penetrated into the depths of the gorge. Lying far to the west of the Tucson road, this was a section of the country unknown to any of the troop, and with every prospect of a broiling ride across the desert ahead so soon as the sun was up no chance for watering their horses could be thrown away. Just as he expected, Drummond found the descent becoming more gradual, and in a moment or two the bottom of the dark rift was found, and presently, keeping keen lookout for the reflection of the stars still lingering overhead, the leading men were rewarded, and halted at the edge of a shining pool of clear though not very cool water and the horses thrust their hot muzzles deep into the wave. Here, shaded by the broad brimmed hats of white felt, such as the Arizona trooper of the old days generally affected, a match or two was struck and the neighborhood searched for sign. The rocks around the tank were dry; the little drifts of sand blown down from the overhanging height were smooth. Whatsoever splashing had been done by the horses of the outlaws there had been abundant time for it to evaporate, therefore the command could not thus far have gained very rapidly on the pursued. But Drummond felt no discouragement. Up to this point the way had been smooth and sufficiently hard to make wheeling an easy matter. The wagons had been lugged along at brisk trot, the attending cavaliers riding at lively lope. Now, however, there would be no likelihood of their making such time. The ambulance could only go at slow walk the rest of the way, and the guards must remain alongside to protect the stolen funds, not so much from envious outsiders as from one another. Pasqual Morales showed his accustomed shrewdness when he forbade that any one should try to burst into the safe and extract the money, for well he knew that if divided among the men there would be no longer a loadstone to hold them together, to call for their fiercest fighting powers if assailed. The instant the money was scattered the gang would follow suit and he be left to meet the cavalry single handed.

Each man in succession dismounted at the same place.

The horses of the little detachment were not long in slaking their thirst. The noiseless signal to mount was given, and following in the lead of their young lieutenant the troopers rode silently down the winding canyon, Drummond and Sergeant Lee bending low over their chargers' necks to see that they did not miss the hoof prints. Little by little the light of dawn began to penetrate the dark depths in which they were scouting, and trailing became an easier matter. Presently the sergeant pointed to the face of the opposite slope, now visible from base to summit where an abrupt bend threw it against the eastern light.

"Yonder's where the ambulance came down, sir."

"I see, and we can't be far from where it crossed. Trot ahead and take a look. Let Patterson go with you. If you find a chance for short cuts, signal."

Another half hour passed away, and still the trail led along this strange rock ribbed groove in the desert, the dry bed of some long lost stream. When first met, it seemed to be cutting directly across their line of march, now it had turned southward, and for several miles ahead south or west of south was its general course. The light was now broad and clear, though the sun had not yet peeped across the mountain range to their left. The pace was rapid, Drummond frequently urging his men to the trot or canter. Out to the front 400 or 500 yards, often lost to view in the windings of the way, Sergeant Lee with a single trooper rode in the advance, but not once had he signaled a discovery worth recording. Both wagon and hoof tracks here pursued a common road. It was evident that some horsemen had found it necessary to ride alongside. It was evident, too, that the outlaws were traveling at full speed, as though anxious to reach some familiar lair before turning to face their expected pursuers. Every one in the gang, from Pasqual down to their humblest packer, well knew that it could not be long before cavalry in strong force would come trotting in chase. The squadron at Stoneman would surely be on the march by the coming sunset. As for C troop, they had little to fear. Pasqual laughed with savage glee, as he thought how he had lured them in scattered detachments far up to the Gila or over to the Christobal. No need to fear the coming of the late escort of the paymaster. By this time those not dead, dragged or drunk were worn out with fatigue. Over the body of his bandit brother, the swarthy Ramon, he had fiercely rejoiced that seven to one he had avenged his death, and Pasqual counted on the fingers of his brown and bloody hand the number of the victims of the night—Donovan and his fellow trooper killed on the open plain; the paymaster and his clerk, Mullan and the other soldier, dead in their tracks and burned to ashes by this time, and, best of all, "that pig of a sergeant," as Moreno called him, that hound and murderer, Feeny—he who had slain Ramon—bound, gagged and left to miserable death by torture. Indeed, as he was jolted along in the ambulance, groaning and cursing by turns, Pasqual wondered why he had not insisted that Harvey, too, should be given the coup de grace before their start. It was an unpardonable omission. Never mind! There in the brand new Concord that came clattering along was booty that outrivaled all. There was wealth far exceeding the stacks of treasury notes—old Harvey's daughters—old Harvey's daughters. It was with mad, feverish joy that when at last the sun came pouring in a flood of light over the desert of the Cababi he listened to the report of a trusted subordinate.

"I could see every mile of the road with my glasses, capitan, from the cliff top yonder—every mile from Moreno's to where we struck the canyon. There isn't a sign of dust—there isn't a sign of a pursuing party."

"Bueno! Then we rest when we reach the cave. This is even better than I hoped."

But there were two elements in the problem Capitan Pasqual had failed to consider — Lieutenant Drummond's scout in the Christobal, Cochises' band of Chiricahuas in the Santa Maria. Who could have foreseen that the little troop, finishing its duties at the northern end of the range and about turning south to rescout the Santa Maria, had ridden out upon the plain, summoned by the beacon at Picacho pass, and less than two hours after their hurried start from the burning ruins at Moreno's were speeding on their trail? The best fieldglasses ever stolen from the paternal government could not reveal to the fleeing outlaw that only two or three miles back in the dim recesses of the crooked gorge, the bluecoats were following in hot pursuit. Who could have dreamed that a band of Apaches, cut off from their native wilds by detachments from Bowie, Lowell, and Crittenden, and forced to make a wide detour to the southwest, had sought refuge in the very gorge of the Cababi whither Pasqual with all speed was urging his men?

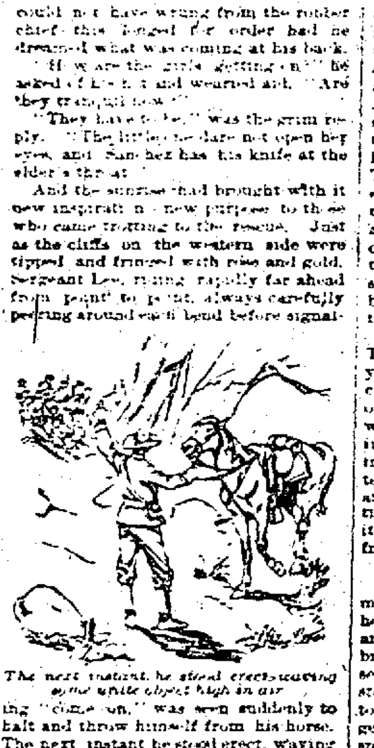
"We rest when we reach the cave."

And even the torment of his wound could not have wrung from the robber chief this longed for order had he dreamed what was coming at his back.

"How are the girls getting on?" he asked of his hot and wearied aid. "Are they tranquil now?"

"They have to be," was the grim reply. "The little one dare not open her eyes, and Sanchez has his knife at the elder's throat."

And the sunrise had brought with it new inspiration—new purpose to those who came trotting to the rescue. Just as the cliffs on the western side were tipped and fringed with rose and gold, Sergeant Lee, riding rapidly far ahead from point to point, always carefully peering around each bend before signaling "come on," was seen suddenly to halt and throw himself from his horse. The next instant he stood erect, waving some white object high in air. Spurring forward, Drummond joined him.



The next instant he stood erect, waving some white object high in air.

"A lady's handkerchief, lieutenant," he quietly said. "They seem to have halted here a moment; you can tell by the hoof prints. One of their number rode over toward that high point yonder and rejoined them here. I don't believe they are more than half an hour ahead."

Drummond reverently took the dainty kerchief, hurriedly searched for an initial or a name and found the letters "R. H." in monogram in one corner.

"Push on, then, Lee! Here, one more of you—you, Bennet, join the sergeant. Look alive now, but do not let yourselves be seen from the front."

Then as they hastened away he stowed the filmy trifle in the pocket of his blouse, and drawing his colt from the holster closely inspected its loaded chambers. Only a boy, barely 23, yet rich in soldierly experience already was Drummond. He had entered the Point when just 17. His father's death, occurring immediately before the memorable summer of their first class camp, had thrown him perforce into the society of the so called bachelor club, and he was graduated in the June of the following year with a heart as whole as his physique was fine. But there were some cares to cloud his young life in the army—a sister whose needs were many and whose means were few. He found that rigid economy and self denial were to be his portion from the start and was not sorry that his assignment took him to the faraway land of Arizona, where, as his new captain wrote him, "you can live like a prince on bacon and frijoles, dress like a cowboy on next to nothing or like an Apache in next to nothing, spend all your days and none of your money in mountain scouting, and come out of it all in two or three years rich in health and strength and experience and infinitely better off financially than you could ever have been anywhere else. Leave whisky and poker alone, and you're all right."

He had left whisky and poker alone, severely alone. He had sought every opportunity for field service; had shown indomitable push, pluck and skill in pursuit of Apaches and cool courage in action. He had been able to send even more than was needed, or than he had hoped, to his sister's guardian and was proud and happy in the consciousness of a duty well done. There were no young girls in the scattered garrisons of those days, no feminine attractions to unsettle his peace of mind. The few women who accompanied their lords to such exile as Arizona were discreet matrons, to whom he was courtesy itself on the few occasions when they met, but only once had he been brought under the influence of girlish eyes or of girlish society, and that was on the memorable trip to San Francisco during the previous year, when he had had the great good fortune to be summoned as a witness before a general court martial convened at the Presidio. He had been presented to the Harvey sisters by the captain of the Newbern and would fain have shown them some attention, but there had been much rough weather in the gulf which kept the girls below, and not until after passing Cape San Lucas and they were steaming up the sunny Pacific did he see either of them again. Then one glorious day the trolling lines were out astern, the elders were amidship playing "horse billiards," and "Tuck," the genial purser, was devoting himself to Paquita, when Drummond heard a scream of excitement and delight and saw the younger sister bracing her tiny, slender feet and hanging on to a line with all her strength. In an instant he was at her side, and together, hand over hand, they finally succeeded in pulling aboard a beautiful dolphin and landed him, leaping, flapping, splashing madly about, in the midst of the merry party on the deck. It was the first time Ruth had seen the gorgeous hues of this celebrated fish, and her excitement and pleasure over being heralded as its captor were most natural. From that time on she had pinned her girlish faith to the coat sleeve of the tall, reserved young cavalryman. To him she was a child, even younger by a year than the little sister he had left, and of whom he soon began to tell her. To her he was a young knight errant, the hero of a budding maiden's shyest, sweetest, fondest fancy and ere long the idol of the dreams and thoughts she dared not whisper even to herself. Paquita, with the wisdom of elder sisterhood, more than half believed she read the younger's heart, but wisely held her peace. No wonder the little maid had so suddenly been silenced by the announcement at the pass that that very night she might again see the soldier boy to whom, in the absence of all others, her heart had been so constant. No wonder the ride forward to Moreno's was one of thrilling excitement and shy delight and anticipation. No wonder her reason, her very life, seemed wrecked in the tragic fate that there befell them.

And now as he rode swiftly in pursuit Drummond was thinking over the incidents of that delightful voyage, and marveling at the strange fate that had brought the Harvey girls again into his life and under circumstances so thrilling. Never for an instant would he doubt that before the sun could reach meridian he should overtake and rescue them from the hands of their cowardly captors. Never would he entertain the thought of sustained defense on the part of the outlaw band. Full of high contempt for such cattle, he argued that no sooner were they assured that the cavalry were close at their heels than most of their number would scatter for their lives, leaving Pasqual to his fate, and probably abandoning the wagons and their precious contents on the road. A sudden dash, a surprise, would insure success. The only fear he had was that in the excitement of attack some harm might befall those precious lives. To avert this he gave orders to be passed back along the column to fire no shot until they had closed with the band, and then to be most careful to aim wide of the wagons. Every man in the little troop well knew how much was at stake, and men, all mercy to their beasts at other times, were now plying the cruel spur.

Five, 6 o'clock had come and gone. The chase was still out of sight ahead, yet every moment seemed to bring them closer upon their heels. At every bend of the tortuous trail the leader's eye was strained to see the dust cloud rising ahead. But jutting point and rolling shoulder of bluff or hillside ever interposed. Drummond had just glanced at his watch for perhaps the twentieth time since daybreak and was replacing it in his pocket when an exclamation from Sergeant Meinecke startled him.

"Look at Lee!"

The head of the column, moving at the moment at a walk to rest the panting horses, had just turned a rocky knoll and was following the trail into a broader reach of the canyon, which now seemed opening out to the west. Instead of keeping in the bottom as heretofore, the wagon track now followed a gentle ascent and disappeared over a spur 400 yards ahead. Here Lee had suddenly flung himself from his horse, thrown the reins to Patterson, and, crouching behind a bowlder, was gazing eagerly to the front, while with hat in hand he was signalling. "Slow; keep down." Up went Drummond's gauntlet in the well known cavalry signal "Halt." Then, bidding Meinecke dismount the men and reset blankets and saddles, the young officer gave Chester rein and was soon kneeling by the side of his trusty subordinate.

Lee said no word at all, simply pointed ahead.

And here was a sight to make a soldier's pulses bound. Not a quarter mile away the rocky, desolate gorge which they had been following since dawn opened out into a wide valley, bounded at the west by a range of rugged heights whose sides were bearded with a dark growth of stunted pine or cedar. On each side of their path a tall, precipitous rock stood sentry over the entrance and framed the view of the valley beyond. For full a mile ahead the trail swept straight away, descending gently to the valley level, and there, just pushing forth upon the wide expanse, with dots of horsemen on flank and front and rear, dimly seen through the hot dust cloud rising in their wake, were the three wagons. The foremost, with its white canvas top, was undoubtedly the new Concord; the second, a dingy mustard yellow, the battered old ambulance of the paymaster; the third and last, with no cover at all, Moreno's buckboard. It was what was left of the notorious Morales gang, speeding with its plunder to some refuge in the rocky range across the farther valley.

Somewhere in the few evenings Drummond had spent in the garrisons of Lowell, Bowie or Stoneman he had heard mention of a mysterious hiding place in the Cababi mountains whither, when pressed by sheriffs' posses, Pasqual Morales had been wont to flee with his chosen followers and there bid defiance to pursuit. And now the young soldier saw at a glance that the chase was heading along a fairly well defined track straight for a dark, frowning gorge in the mountains some three or four miles ahead of them. If allowed to gain that refuge, it might be possible for Morales to successfully resist attack. With quick decision Drummond turned to the men still seated in saddle.

"Dismount where you are, you two. Reset all four saddles. We mount again here, sergeant, and we'll take the gallop as soon as the troop comes up."

"It's the only way, I believe, sir," answered Lee, his eyes kindling, his lips quivering with pent up excitement. "Most of them will stampede, I reckon, if we strike them in the open. But once they get among the rocks we'd have no chance at all."

Drummond merely nodded. Fieldglasses in hand, he was closely studying the receding party, moving now at leisurely gait as though assured of safety. His heart was beating hard; his blood was bounding in his veins. He had had some lively brushes with the Indian foe, but no such scrimmage as this promised to be. Never once had there been at stake anything to compare with what lay here before his eyes. Sometimes in boyish day dreams he had pictured to himself adventures of this character—the rescue of imperiled beauty from marauding foe. But never had he thought it possible that it would be his fortune to stand first in the field, riding to the rescue of the fair daughters of one of the oldest and most respected citizens of the territory. In view of their peril the paymaster's stolen funds were not to be considered. Jim Drummond hardly gave a single thought to the recapture of the safe. So far as he could judge the forces were about equally matched. Some saddle horses led along after the wagons seemed to indicate that their usual riders were perhaps with others of the band resting in the wagons themselves. Surprise now was out of the question. He would marshal his men behind the low ridge on which he lay, form line, then move forward at the lope. No matter how noiseless might be the advance, or how wearied or absorbed their quarry, some one in the outlaw gang would surely see them long before they could come within close range. Then he felt sure that a portion at least would stampede for the hills, and that he would not have to fight more than 10 or 12. His plan was at all hazards to cut out, recapture and hold Harvey's wagon—that, first of all; then, if possible, the others.

And now the time had come. In eager but suppressed excitement Meinecke and the men came trotting up the slope.

"Halt!" signaled Drummond. Then "Forward into line," and presently the lieutenant stood looking into the sun tanned faces of less than 20 veteran troopers, four sets of fours with two sergeants, dusty and devil may care, with horses jaded, yet sniffing mischief ahead and pricking up their ears in excitement. Drummond had been the troop leader in scout after scout and in several lively skirmishes during the year gone by. There was not one of his troopers whom he could not swear by, thought he, but then the recollection of Bland's treachery brought his teeth together with vengeful force. He found his voice a trifle tremulous as he spoke, but his words had the brave ring the men had learned to look for, and every one listened with bated breath.

"Our work's cut out for us here. Not more than a mile ahead now is just the worst band of scoundrels in all the west and in their midst George Harvey's daughters. You all know him by reputation. They are in the white topped wagon, and that is the one we must and shall have. Don't charge till I give the word. Don't waste a shot. Some of them will scatter. Let them go! What we want is their captives." With that he swung quickly into saddle.

"Ready now? No, don't draw pistol till you're close in on them and no carbines at all this time. All right. Now—steady. Keep your alignment. Take the pace from me. Forward!"

Up the gentle slope they rode, straining their eyes for the first sight of the hunted quarry, opening out instinctively from the center so that each trooper might have fighting space. No squares of disciplined infantry, no opposing squadrons, no fire flashing lines were to be met and overthrown by compact and instantaneous shock. It was to be a melee, as each trooper well knew, in which, though obedient to the general plan of their leader, the little detachment would be hurled forward at the signal "Charge," and then it would be practically a case of "every man for himself."

"I want you four fellows to stick close to me now," said Drummond, turning in his saddle and indicating the desired set with a single gesture. "We move straight for the leading wagon. See that you don't fire into it or near it."

And these were the last instructions as they reached the ridge, and a hoarse murmur flew along the eager rank, a murmur that, but for Drummond's raised and restraining hand and Sergeant Lee's prompt "Steady there; silence!" might have burst into a cheer. And then the leader shook loose his rein, and just touching Chester's glossy flank with the spur bounded forward at the lope.

Out on the sandy barren, winding among the cactus plants, the weary mule teams with drooping heads were tugging at the traces. Bearded men, some still with coal blackened faces, rode drowsily alongside the creaking wagons. In one of these, the foremost, an arm in blue flannel suddenly thrust aside the hanging canvas curtain, and a dark, swarthy face, grooved from ear tip to jaw with a jagged scar, appeared at the narrow opening.

"How much farther have we got to go, Domingo?"

"Only across this stretch, two—three miles, perhaps."

"Well, I want to know exactly. The sun is getting blazing hot, and these girls can't hold out longer. Tell Pasqual I say there is more danger of his killing them with exhaustion than there is of their making way with themselves. Say the little one's about dead now. Here, take this canteen and get some fresher water out of the barrel under the wagon."

The fellow hailed as Domingo leaned to the right, took the canteen strap and then reined in his foaming broncho.

"Hold your team one minute, Jake," was the order to the driver, and, nothing loath, the mules stopped short in their tracks. Pasqual's ambulance was a few rods behind, and to save time Domingo dismounted, and placing the canteen under the spigot drew it full of water, rewarded himself with a long pull, handed it up to the waiting hand above and swung again in the saddle just as the second ambulance closing on the first came also to a willing halt, and the lead mules of the buckboard, whereon lay two wounded bandits, attended by Moreno's womenfolk, bumped their noses against the projecting boot.

"Some cool water, for God's sake!" gasped one of the prostrate men, and a comrade rode to the leading wagon to beg a little from Harvey's well filled barrel. One or two men threw themselves from the saddle to the sands for a brief rest. The dust cloud slowly settled earthward in their wake. Mules, horses and men blinked sleepily, wearily. There hung in the heavy air a dull, low rumble as of thunder in the faroff mountains. There seemed a faint quiver and tremor of the soil. Was there a distant earthquake?

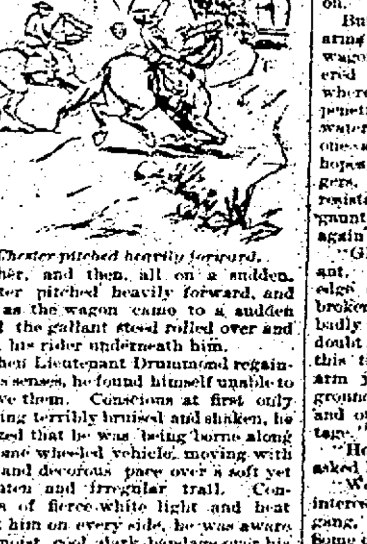
Suddenly a wild yell, a scream from Moreno's buckboard, a half stifled shriek from the white covered wagon. The man in blue leaped forth and made a mad dash for the nearest riderless horse. Whips cracked and bit and stung. The maddened mules flew at their collars and tore away, the wagons bounding after them, and Pasqual Morales, thrusting forth his head to learn the cause of all the panic, grabbed the revolver at his belt with one fierce curse.

"Carajo!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Whatever might have been his other moral attributes, Pasqual Morales had borne a name for desperate courage that seemed justified in his supreme moment surprise and stampede. What he saw as he leaned out of the bounding vehicle was certainly enough to disgust a bandit and demoralize many a leader. Scattering like chaff before the gale his followers were scudding out across the desert, every man for himself, as though the very devil were in pursuit of each individual member of the gang. Eight or ten at least, spurring, lashing their horses to the top of their speed, were already far beyond reach of his voice. Close at hand, however, six or seven of the fellows, desperadoes of the first water, had unslung their henry rifles and blazing away for all they were worth showed evidence of a determination to die game. Behind them, screaming at the tops of their shrill, strident voices, Senora Moreno and her daughter were clinging stoutly to the iron rail of their seats as the buckboard was whirled and dashed across the plain. Already both the wounded men had been flung helplessly out upon the sands, and even as he looked the off fore wheel struck a stout cactus stump; flew into fragments; the tire rolled off in one direction, and Moreno's luckless family shot, cometlike, into space and fetched up shrieking in the midst of a plentiful crop of thorns and spines. The husband and father, gazing upon the incident from over his shoulder and afar, blessed the saints for their beneficence in having landed his loved ones on soft soil instead of among the jagged rocks across the plain. But for himself the sooner he reached the rocks the better. A tall gringo who cast aside a dark blue blouse as he rode, stooping low over his horse's neck, seemed bent on racing the late ranch owner to the goal where both would be, and there was none to dispute with them the doubtful honor. Even those who had stampeded at the first yell of alarm were now reining back in broad, sweeping circles, unslinging the ready rifle and pouring in a long range fire on the distant rank of cavalry, just bursting into the triumph of the charge. Here, there and everywhere across the plain little puffs of blue white smoke were shooting up, telling of the leaden missiles hurled at the charging line. But on like the wind came the troopers in blue, never pausing to fire a shot, their leader at racing speed.

Wounded though he was, Pasqual Morales was not the man to fail in the fight. Yelling orders and curses at his driver, he succeeded in getting him to control his frantic team just long enough to enable the outlaw captain to tumble out. Then away they dashed again, the stiffening body of Ramon and the weighty little safe being now sole occupants of the interior. In the mad excitement of the first rush two or three horses had broken loose, leaving their owners afoot, and believing that no quarter would be the rule these abandoned roughs were fighting to the last, selling their lives, as they called it, as dearly as possible. From their rifles and from others the shots rained fast upon the troopers, but never seemed to check the charge. The rush was glorious. Drawing their revolvers now, for they carried no sabers, the soldiers fired as they rode down those would be obstructors, and two poor wretches were flattened out upon the plain when the main body of the troop dashed by, making straight for the fleeing Concord with the white canvas top. Drummond had not fired at all. Every thought was concentrated on the occupants of the wagon. Every shot might be needed when he got to them. Chester was running grandly. The designated four who were to follow the lieutenant were already over 100 yards behind when, from the trail of the ambulance, from a little patch of cactus, there came a flash and report, and the beautiful horse swerved, reeled, but pushed gamely on. Noting the spot, two of the following troopers emptied a cartridge into the clump, but left the lurking foe to be looked after later. They were too close to the Concord to think of anything else—so close they could hear the cries and pleadings of a woman's voice, the terrified scream of another, and then, all on a sudden, Chester pitched heavily forward, and even as the wagon came to a sudden stand the gallant steed rolled over and over, his rider underneath him.



Chester pitched heavily forward.

When Lieutenant Drummond regained his senses, he found himself unable to believe them. Conscious at first only of being terribly bruised and shaken, he realized that he was being borne along in some wheeled vehicle, moving with slow and decorous pace over a soft yet unbeaten and irregular trail. Conscious of fierce white light and heat about him on every side, he was aware of a moist, cool, dark bandage over his eyes that prevented him from seeing. Striving to raise a hand to sweep the blinding cloth away, he met rebellion. A sudden spasm of pain that made him wince, the quick contraction of his features, the low moan of distress, were answered instantly by a most surprising wail in a sweet girlish voice.

"Oh, Fanny, see how he suffers! Can't something be done?"

And then—could he be mistaken?—soft, slender fingers were caressing the close cropped hair about his temples. A glow of delight and rejoicing thrilled through his frame as he realized that the main object of the fierce and determined pursuit was accomplished, that the precious freight was rescued from the robber band, and that somehow he himself was now a prisoner.

Striving to move his head, he found it softly, warmly pillowed, but as he attempted to turn it was held in place by two little hands, one on each side. Then as he found his voice and faintly protested that he was all right and wanted to look about him, another hand quickly removed the bandage, and Fanny Harvey's lovely face, pale and framed with much disheveled hair, was bending anxiously over him, but a smile of hope, even of joy, was parting the soft lips as she saw the light of returning reason in his eyes. At this same instant, too, the hands that supported his face were suddenly drawn away, and his pillow became unstable. One quick glance told him the situation. The seats of the Concord had been lifted out, blankets had been spread within; he was lying at full length, his aching head supported in Ruth Harvey's lap. Fanny, her elder sister, was seated facing him, but at his side. No wonder Jim Drummond could not quite believe his senses.

It was Fanny who first recovered her self poise. Throwing back the hanging curtain at the side, she called aloud:

"Mr. Wing, come to us! He's conscious."

And the next instant the slow motion of the wagon ceased, the door was wrenched open, and there in the glowing sunshine stood the tall sergeant whom he last had seen when scouting through Picacho pass.

"Bravo, lieutenant! You're all right, though you must be in some pain. Can you stand a little more? We're close to the caves now—cool water and cool shade not 500 yards ahead."

"How did you get here, sergeant?" Drummond weakly questioned. "Where are the others?"

"Followed on your trail, sir, Private Pike and I. Most of the men are gathering up prisoners and plunder. You've made the grandest haul in all the history of Arizona. I got up only just in time to see the charge, and Pike's now on his way back already with the good news. We are taking you and the ladies to the refuge in the rocks where Morales and all his people have hid so long. Old Moreno, with a lariat around his neck, is showing the way."

Fanny Harvey's lovely face was bending anxiously over him.

"Got him, did you? I'm glad of that. There was another—a deserter from my troop. Did you see anything of him?"

"I haven't heard yet, sir. One thing's certain, old Pasqual is with his hopeful brother in another if not a better world. 'Twas he that killed poor Chester, the worst loss we've met. Not a man is hit, and by daybreak tomorrow Dr. Day from Stoneman will be here to straighten you out, and those young ladies' father here to thank you."

"Thank you, Mr. Drummond? Ah, how can he or I ever begin to thank you and your brave fellows half enough? I had lost all hope until that disguised bandit suddenly leaped from the wagon, and Ruth was swooning again, but she heard your voice before I did. 'Twas she who saw your charge." And Fanny Harvey's lips quivered as she spoke, and the voice that was so brave at the siege became weak and tremulous now.

Drummond closed his eyes a moment. It was all too sweet to be believed. His right hand, to be sure, refused to move; his left stole up and began groping back of his head.

"May I not thank my nurse?" he said. "The first thing I was conscious of was her touch upon my forehead."

But the hands that were so eager, so active when their patient lay unconscious, seemed to shrink from the long brown fingers searching blindly for them, and not one word had the maiden vouchsafed.

"I heard your voice a moment ago, Ruthie. Can't you speak to me now?" he asked, half chiding, half laughing. "Have you forgotten your friend Jim Drummond and the long, long talks we used to have on the Newbern?"

Forgotten Jim Drummond and those long talks indeed! Forgotten her hero, her soldier! Hardly. Yet no word would she speak.

"The little lady seems all unstrung yet, lieutenant. Miss Fanny will have to talk for her, I fancy." And Wing's clear, handsome eyes were raised to Miss Harvey's face as he spoke in a look that seemed to tell how much he envied the soldier who was the object of such devoted attention. "Shall we move ahead? The others will join us later on."

But when a few minutes later strong arms lifted the tall lieutenant from the wagon and bore him to a blanket covered shelter in a deep rocky recess where the sun's rays seemed rarely to penetrate, and a cup of clear, cool water was held to his lips, Drummond's one available hand was uplifted in hopes of capturing the ministering fingers. There was neither difficulty nor resistance. It was Sergeant Wing's gauntlet, and Wing's cordial voice again accosted him.

"Glad to see you so chipper, lieutenant. Now, I have some little knowledge of surgery. Your right arm is broken below the elbow, and you're badly shocked and bruised. I have no doubt the surgeon will be with us by this time tomorrow, but I can set that arm just as soon as I have looked the ground over and disposed of ourselves and our prisoners to the best advantage."

"How many prisoners have we?" asked Drummond.

"Well, as yet only Moreno and his interesting family and two of their gang, who are very badly wounded. Some of the others were neither prompt nor explicit about surrendering, and the men seem to have been a trifle impatient in one or two cases. You should hear the old woman protesting to Miss Harvey her innocence and her husband's spotless character. You understand Spanish, do you not?"

"No, only the smattering we pick up at the Point and what 'broncho' Spanish I have added to it out here. Where did you learn it, sergeant? They tell me you speak it like a native."

Wing's sunburned face—a fine, clear cut and manly one it was—seemed to grow a shade or two redder.

"Oh, I have spoken it many years. My boyhood was spent on the Pacific slope. Pardon me, sir, I want to look more carefully after your injuries now."

"But the ladies—where are they?" asked Drummond uneasily.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Horse, Cattle, Dogs, etc.

The Humphreys' Medicine Company of New York, will mail on application a complimentary copy Dr. Humphreys' Veterinary Manual (500 pages) on the treatment and care of horses, cattle, dogs, hogs, sheep and poultry.

A hot sling of Carter's Extract Smartweed will cure the grip. F. M. Foster.

McKean County Miner.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Legal advertisements 7½ cents per line for each insertion.

Rates by the year or for six or three months are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application. Executors and administrators notices $2.50 each for six insertions.

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Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

All communications should be addressed to

OLSON & GILBERT,
Editors and Publishers.

Smethport, Pa., March 9, 1894.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

I am directed by the Republican State Committee to announce that the Republicans of Pennsylvania, by their duly chosen representatives, will meet in State Convention at Harrisburg, Pa., on Wednesday, May 23d, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the following purposes, to wit:

For the nomination of candidates respectively for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, two Members of Congress from the State at Large, Auditor-General, Secretary of Internal Affairs, and for the transaction of such other business as may be presented.

Attention is called to the rule adopted at the State Convention of 1888 providing for the basis of representation, as follows:

"Representation in future State Conventions shall be based upon the vote cast at the Presidential or Gubernatorial election immediately preceding, one Delegate being allotted to each Legislative District for every 2,000 Republican votes and an additional Delegate for a fraction exceeding 1,000 votes, each District to have at least one Delegate."

By order of the Republican State Committee.

R. F. GILKESON, Chairman.

Attest: JERE B. REX, } Secretaries.
A. D. FETTEROLF, }

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce the name of J. M. McElroy, of Smethport, Pa., as a candidate for representative in the State Legislature, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

EDITORS MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for representative to the State Legislature, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

W. E. BURDICK.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 22, 1894.

We are requested to announce the name of George Griffiths, of Kane, Pa., as a candidate for the nomination of Member of Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

EDITORS MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Representative in the State Legislature, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

HERMAN H. NORTH.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 15, 1894.

WITH sadness we come before our readers this week. Never before in the history of this town has death had such a harvest as it has in so short a period in the past few days. Mrs. Walsh, the friend of all in the town, has passed away. Her childhood friends, playmates of her early days, friends of her youth and the associates of her later life speak in the highest terms of her and unite in pronouncing her a perfect type of true womanhood. More could not be said. Mrs Wetenhall, another of our best women, died in an accidental manner, leaving many needy ones to mourn her departure. Mr. Capehart, too, has gone from his many friends. We hope that He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb will aid all in their sad bereavement.

TUESDAY last the Republicans made a clean sweep in the State of New York. They evidently voted for a change.

DEMOCRATS in Congress had better own up they were wrong in the 51st Congress and adopt Tom Reed's rules, and so be able to get a quorum.

PENCK, of Colorado, should be dropped into a slot.—Philadelphia *Record.* Wont do. Nothing but discordant sounds and foul language would be produced.

WONDER how the Democrats like to hold the plow. It was very nice looking on, but it is different to get down and hold the plow handles among the stones and brambles of public opinion.

IT never rains but it pours. The Kings county Board of Supervisors is now Republican. Poor Tammany is badly crippled. The stronghold of Democracy is demolished, and New York is nailed to the Republican column. We have good cause to rejoice.

A PRETTY spectacle Grover Cleveland makes as Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy. He has been seasick on a light-house tender, and it's 30 to 1, and the long end of a good bet, that he couldn't ride a horse to save his life. *Ex.* There would be no trouble about riding if he could mount one, the danger would be to the horse.

THE city of Troy has disgraced herself. On Tuesday last four of her citizens were shot down. One is dead, two dangerously wounded, and the fourth slightly. So much for the repeal of the federal election law. It gives thugs and rowdies a chance to bulldoze honest voters at the polls. If they can not frighten them away they can shoot them and escape conviction. As yet they have been unable to catch the perpetrators of the foul deed.

INDICATIONS of how times are at present may be judged from the laboring men seeking enlistment in the United States army. Although the pay is but $13 per month enlistments are coming in rapidly. Two years ago it was a hard matter to get recruits for the army. But now there is no trouble in securing more than is needed. Formerly desertions were very frequent, but now they are rare. As suppressors of strikes and desertions the Democratic party is a success.

THE ways of Congress are mysterious. They worked hard to repeal the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman bill. Now Mr. Bland has succeeded in passing the Seigniorage bill, a measure that will prove fully as injurious as the Sherman bill was. It will have a tendency to inflate the silver, and consequently will become odious in a short time and repeal will be necessary. Is there not brains enough in Congress to deivse a financial basis that will be satisfactory to the country.

ONE year ago Grover Cleveland took the oath of office for the second time, and what is the consequence? Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, said, at the Chicago convention in 1892, that the election of Grover Cleveland would open a graveyard for our industries. Senator Murphy, of New York, said, "the nomination and election of Grover Cleveland means the disruption, and destruction of Democratic organization in the State of New York." Both gentlemen have proved themselves good prophets. Factories are closed and the Democratic organization in New York is disrupted. The Tammany tiger is badly crippled and laid upon the shelf.

WHERE ARE WE AT?

TAYLOR HUDDLE P. O., (away out west) March 5, 1894.

There is something I am not quite certain about and would like to ask concerning it. In 1892 our Democratic convention, at Chicago, drew up a platform for Cleveland to run upon as a candidate for the presidency. Now, if I remember rightly, it stated in that platform that we, as Democrats, were in favor of tariff reform, the repeal of the ten per cent. tax on State banks and, the greatest of all, we pronounced the McKinley bill unconstitutional. I supposed of course last August, when Cleveland called the extraordinary session of Congress, that the first thing Congress would do would be to repeal the McKinley tariff. As good Democrats we could not live under an act of Congress that we had come out so squarely against as to pronounce contrary to the constitution. By all laws of common decency that odious measure ought to be stricken off from the statutes. But I was very much disappointed. I have waited for over seven months in hopes of seeing our *noble* old party redeem its pledges. Nothing but disappointment, in that line, stares me in the face. There is the repeal of the ten per cent. on State banks, not a word about that, either. I supposed, of course, our party would repeal that unlawful measure, so we could start as many banks as we saw fit without going to the trouble of depositing securities with the United States Treasurer at Washington. How nice that would have been. Start banks when and wherever we pleased, run them as long as it paid us and then close up shop and go somewhere else. This is very disappointing to us Democrats, when everything looked so promising. Then there was the great reform promised. Where is it? If reform consists of what Congress is doing I, for one, have very nearly enough. What is more discouraging to me is on the McKinley bill, which we pronounced unconstitutional. I supposed that that measure would be wiped off from the statutes. In the face of all that we hear Democrats asserting that the Wilson bill is just as strong a protection measure as the McKinley bill. What does this mean? I am lost in doubt. "Where am I at?" I am as much in doubt as the Democratic house of Congress, do not know which way to turn. What will be the end thereof? Are we living up to the platform of 1892?

BARNEY JACKSON, Dem.

A LESSON IN POLITICS.

He was an excellent workman, but he got tangled up in the political manipulation of 1892 and was so battered by the operation that he did not materialize until after the election of 1893. But his bump of knowledge had grown sufficiently large to balance his loss in weight, and his wrath against some of his political friends had served him for an overcoat. After shying around the factory he entered the office and opened proceedings thusly:

John—Good morning, boss. Fine morning, sir.

Boss—Hello, hello, John! How do you do?

John—I don't do anything now, boss. Can't find anything to do.

Boss—How is that, John? You got your party in. They carried everything.

John—Yes, but they keep everything they get. They give nothing to people like me.

Boss—I thought you were going to get an office. You worked hard for the party.

John—They promised me a job, but the boss had too many friends. When his city relations were supplied, he sent to the old country for more. They are coming yet.

Boss—But they'll take care of you by and by, John. You still belong to the Democratic party.

John—To —— with the party. They are no good. I am looking for a job. I didn't earn a dollar since I left the shop. I am nearly dead now. When are you going to start up again?

Boss—That depends, John. Your party are now urging a bill to put our product on the free list. If they do that, we must shut down entirely.

John—Now, boss, I am done with that party. I voted the straight Republican ticket last November.

Boss—You don't say, John. Did you turn your coat?

John—No, boss, I didn't have any coat, but I helped to turn my party down, and I hope it will never get up again.

JAMES JOHNSON.

PLEASE EXPLAIN.

We find this queer little paragraph in the editorial columns of a Smethport newspaper.

It is said that an order has gone out from the powers that be in this county that Hon. H. H. North must be turned down.—Bradford *Star.*

It would show proper respect to the *McKean Democrat* if the *Star* would quote its authority instead of using the ambiguous term of "a Smethport newspaper." We call the *Star's* attention to this (as it seems to us) intended omission, as we do not wish to be understood as taking part in any factional fight, if such there should be. The MINER is for the Republican party first, last and all the time, regardless of factions.

THE General Jubal Early who died in Lynchburg on Friday was the same impetuous Virginian who burned Chambersburg and left a track of flame and desolation through the Cumberland and Shenandoah Valleys until halted by Phil. Sheridan and badly defeated. There will be few tears shed for Early by the people in the valleys who are even at this late day poor because of his dastardly acts.—Harrisburg *Telegraph.* It would be a pleasure to say a kind word for the departed but we cannot. After pillaging in Pennsylvania during the war he lent his name and influence to the Louisiana Lottery schemes to bleed the poor workingman out of money needed to maintain his family. Let the families of the poor whom he filched out of their hard earnings sing his requiem.

SENATOR SMITH, of New Jersey, said to a delegation of his constituents, the other day: "I am here to represent your interests, and I am going to do it. I propose to stand up for Newark industries, and if the duty (on cutlery) has been reduced they will have to put it back again." That is very good talk for Newark, but it is strange that these alleged statesmen can not see that a policy which is good for their own constituents is good for the whole country.—*Buffalo Express.* General Hancock said, in the campaign of 1880, that the tariff was a local question, and the Democratic Senators and Congressmen are working on the same basis.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 5, '94.—The most remarkable spectacle that has yet taken place in the history almost of political parties has been witnessed in the House of Representatives during the past week. Never before in the memory of the oldest members in the House, have members of a political party risen above the degradations that surround themselves and their party associates and followed the leadership of the opposing faction. Yet such a scene has been witnessed in the House of Representatives during the past few weeks, when the bill introduced by "Silver Dollar" Bland, of Missouri, to coin the seigniorage bullion placed in the Treasury in order to maintain the credit of the silver dollars now outstanding was under consideration. Such men as Congressmen Tracy, of New York, Coombs, of Brooklyn, Bynum, of Indiana, Bourke Cochran, New York city, and other numerous members of high political standing in the party, deliberately refused to co-operate with Congressman Bland and his associates, and followed the lead of ex Speaker Reed, of Maine, and endeavored to defeat the bill by resorting to filibustering tactics. The iniquity of this bill was so apparent upon its face that the Republicans and Mr. Reed deemed it advisable to resort to all kinds of obstructive tactics in order to prevent its passage. Their efforts, however, proved of no avail. Congressman Bland, assisted by the populist faction of the House, succeeded in passing the bill not only against the protests of the Republican minority but also against the vigorous opposition of the ablest statesmen of his own party. The Republicans, however, succeeded in calling the attention of the country to this act on the part of the Democratic Congressmen by their vigorous and logical speeches delivered in opposition to it.

Another development of the week which was of an extremely gratifying nature to the Republicans was the report presented by Chairman Morgan of the special committee appointed by the Senate. President Cleveland and his Hawaiian policy stand condemned by this report coming from a Democratic Senator. This condemnation is none the less crushing that it is presented dispassionately, with studious moderation of language and of plain purpose and desire to adopt the judicial tone in dealing with a great national question. Senator Morgan, although a Democrat, submitted a report in almost exact accord with the views and opinions of the Republican Senators. In his report he sustains the action of President Harrison and condemns the policy of the present administration. Above all President Cleveland is condemned by implications and directly for his doing in the settlement of the policy of the government as followed by President Harrison, while a long whirlwind of Democratic abuse, lavished on the last administration for considering and urging annexation, is set at rest by the truthful declaration that for forty years the policy of the government has looked in this direction, and has for a generation exercised a practical suzerainty over the Hawaiian Islands. This statement, coming as it does from one of the leading members of the Democratic party in the Senate, completely dissipates charges that have heretofore been made against President Harrison, Secretary Foster and Minister Stevens for urging annexation. Senator Morgan gives Mr. Stevens unqualified support and approval in all his acts and the declaration of a protectorate, and this President Harrison disavowed. These findings by Senator Morgan leaves nothing for Mr. Blount's report and cut away every statement President Cleveland made in his message and all the ground on which he acted. With rigorous courtesy, which adds to the force of the blow he deals, Senator Morgan politely intimates that it was possible in Washington to reach a truth as to these events which escaped Mr. Blount at Hawaii and of which President Cleveland was ignorant. It is hoped now by all people irrespective of party affiliations and who have grown tired of the constant publications on this subject that the matter will be allowed to drop.

Possibly the chief event of the week has been the action of the Democratic members of the Senate in regard to the tariff bill. Unable to reach agreement on this subject with a band of dissatisfaction and discontent hanging in appalling thickness over one wing of the Democratic party in the Senate it was considered advisable by Chairman Voorhees to adopt conciliatory measures and to endeavor to induce the dissatisfied element who openly avowed their intention to rebel against the bill and to unite with the Republicans, to come back to the fold. The bill in its present shape was so objectionable to certain Senators, notably those from New York, New Jersey and the Democratic Senator from Ohio, that they openly declared their intention to vote to recommit the bill to the Senate Finance committee with instructions to give hearings if it was presented to the Senate without important modifications. In order to prevent this certain leading Democratic Senators called a caucus to consider the bill and to adopt measures to prevent if possible the open rebellion of the above named Senators. Numerous caucuses have been held and the tariff bill carefully discussed in all its details. It was taken up paragraph by paragraph and item by item and carefully considered, but so far the dissatisfied element have declined to be reconciled and still declare their intentions to oppose the bill in the Senate. Republican members in that body express themselves as believing that unless important changes are made they will be able to defeat the bill. There is little reason, however, to believe that there will be any important changes in the bill from those already published in this correspondence, and the indications are now that it will pass the Senate in practically the same form that it came over from the House.

GENERAL SICKLES, of New York, is having a good time swinging around the circle. In the early part of the campaign of 1892 he was opposed to Cleveland and in favor of President Harrison. Before the close of the campaign he came out and worked and voted for Cleveland. Recently, at a dinner in Washington which Sickles attended, he was to respond to the toast, "The President of the United States." Gen. Sickles began by talking on different subjects, but finally said he was to respond to the toast, "The President of the United States." The general then rested his chin in the palm of his right hand and looked towards the ceiling without saying a word, while the guests present broke out in roars of laughter. We would appreciate Mr. Sickles more highly if he had not been doing so much circular work during the last two years.

The Book of the Century.

"SCENES FROM EVERY LAND."

A superb portfolio volume of over five hundred photographic views, embracing the most beautiful and interesting scenes and objects all over the globe. It gives in fact a panorama of the world, and one will almost feel as if he had made a tour of the world when he has thoroughly studied these beautiful scenes. It would be hard, in a brief notice, to give an idea of all that is contained in a volume of this kind, but we will say that its pictures embrace the most famous palaces, cathedrals, monuments, castles, galleries, statues, temples, ruin, natural scenes, etc., etc., that are to be found in any country. The world has evidently been ransacked for all that is beautiful in nature and art. These pictures are printed on extra heavy enameled paper so that they are as fine as photographs. There is an introduction by Gen. Lew Wallace which gives a foretaste of the feast that follows. The book is neatly bound and the press work excellent. We heartily commend it to our households where it will educate, amuse, entertain and instruct.

An exchange says: "There should be an amendment to the game laws to read thus: Book agents to be lawfully killed between July 1st and June 30th."

If you see a rather dudish in appearance, genteel, smooth, sleek looking person pass down street he is "Scenes from every Land."

No handsomer, more interesting or in a certain sense more valuable book has come to this office for a long time. The volume is worth for the possession of any cultured family much more than the price asked for it.

It is a work of art in the highest sense and should meet with the appreciation it fully deserves. The managers of this journal have fallen in love with it.

L. C. Oberlin is the duly authorized agent for "Scenes From Every Land," and will call upon the people of Smethport.

THIRTY FOUR men convicted of crimes against the ballot law of New York. The Tammany tiger is getting her toe nails severely clipped. No wonder Boss Croker and some of his benchmen are away in Mexico and the Pacific slopes. They prefer to watch the affray from afar.

Sensitive people can purchase Humphreys' Specifics by simply asking the druggist for the needed number alone, without disclosing or mentioning the disease for which it is a cure.

GOOD ADVICE.

Every patriotic citizen should give his personal effort and influence to increase the circulation of his home paper which teaches the American policy of Protection. It is his duty to aid in this respect in every way possible. After the home paper is taken care of, why not subscribe for the AMERICAN ECONOMIST, published by the American Protective Tariff League? One of its correspondents says: "No true American can get along without it. I consider it the greatest and truest political teacher in the United States."

Send postal card request for free sample copy. Address Wilbur F. Wakeman, General Secretary, 135 West 23d St., New York.

Pianos and Organs.

Should you want a Chickering, Knabe, Haines Brothers, Ivers & Pond or any first-class

PIANO,

or should you want an Estey & Co., Storey & Clark, Raymond or Kimball Organ, don't hesitate to write to

A. BLAKE,
130 Union Street, Olean, N. Y.
Newest Styles, Lowest Prices, Easiest Terms. Only Standard Makes.
E. L. SMITH, Gen'l Agt.

RIDE A
Columbia Bicycle

To be thoroughly well mounted is one of the first principles of cycling. Do not deny yourself the extra comfort and luxury derivable from a first-class wheel, when you can obtain a Columbia for $125.

The purchase of any wheel short of the best is bad judgment and worse economy. Unprejudiced truth acknowledges Columbia superiority. It is absolutely the standard bicycle of the world; unequalled, unapproached. You can have the Columbia catalogue by asking for it.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
SMETHPORT, PA. AGENT.

JAMES M. TRACY
DEALER IN
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CIGARS, TOBACCO,
East Smethport, Pa.
A FRESH STOCK OF GOODS ALWAYS ON HAND.
CALL AND COMPARE PRICES.

WE REACH
THE
BUYERS
OF
McKEAN COUNTY!
ADVERTISE
-IN- THE MINER!
And get the Best Results.

Are you a Friend to the cause of Protection of American Interests?

Are you willing to work for the cause of Protection in placing reliable information in the hands of your acquaintances?

If you are, you should be identified with

THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE,
135 W. 23D ST., NEW YORK.

Cut this notice out and send it to the League, stating your position, and give a helping hand.

B.H.&Co.

BUFFALO, March 7.

We are selling a portfolio of World's Fair views at 5 cents a copy. Postage two cents extra. Part 3 now on sale.

THIRD WEEK OF THE
NEW GOODS SALE!

It may interest you to know that this big store has been crowded daily during the last two weeks and that business was NEVER BETTER at this season of year. In view of the "hard times" this statement is most remarkable. It goes to show that things generally are "picking up" and that we are very wide-awake.

Three weeks ago (and again this week) we sent our buyers down to New York with instructions to locate bargains in perfectly NEW GOODS and with cash enough at command to make big purchases. They succeeded better than we expected and surprises have been piling in on us ever since. As a matter of fact we're selling—

—*New Dress Goods at half price.*
—*New Black Silks below cost.*
—*New Colored Silks at a sacrifice.*
—*Printed India Silks at one-third value.*
—*New Dress Trimmings at a mere song,*

and all because manufacturers and importers wanted money. The loss does not fall on us but is due to the congested condition of the wholesale trade. We buy from surplus stocks and sell as we buy—at the lowest prices known in years.

It will pay anyone to make a special trip to Buffalo to see these bargains.

BARNES, HENGERER & CO.

LUMBER YARD!
Holmes & Gilfillan,
Office Colegrove Block. HOO-HOO.
SMETHPORT, PENN'A.
All kinds of Building Material,
HEMLOCK & WASHINGTON RED CEDAR SHINGLES.
FLOORING, SIDING, ETC

We have also made arrangements with the Smethport Extract and Lumber Company to take charge of their retail department. Call or write us for prices.

BARBER SHOP,
Alfred Sturdvoint.
Next door to Gallup's Store, Main St.
Shaving and Hair-Dressing
In the latest style of art.
None but first-class workmen employed
Alfred Sturdvoint, Surgeon Chiropodist. Corns removed in a few minutes without pain or soreness. Also treatment for Bunions and ingrowing nails.
BATH ROOMS ATTACHED

BLACKSMITHING!
The subscriber has purchased the blacksmith shop recently occupied by Charles Kreuger, on Mechanic street, near Gifford's saw-mill, where he is prepared to do first-class blacksmithing, including
HORSESHOEING.
satisfaction guaranteed. He also manufactures
SLEIGHS.
Can Cure All Ordinary Lameness in Horse's Feet and Legs.
CHAS. W. LILGENDAHL.
Smethport, Aug. 6th, '93.

ARMSTRONG'S,
SMETHPORT, PA.,
DRUG and BOOK
STORE.
A Full Line of Drugs and Standard Patent Medicines.
A specialty of Perfumery, fine Stationery, Scrap Books, Card Albums, Celluloid Toilet Sets, Pocket Books, Writing Desks, Views, Dressing Cases, Family Bibles, Standard Authors, Christmas Cards, Excelsior Diaries.
All Kinds of Fancy Goods.

Central Pharmacy.
FRANK R. FOSTER,
DEALER IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Fancy Goods,
TOILET ARTICLES, &C
A FULL LINE OF
BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
FRANK R. FOSTER,
PHARMACIST,
Grand Central Hotel Building, Smethport

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

The undersigned, Executor of ALONZO D. BURBANK, deceased, will, on Tuesday, THE THIRD DAY OF APRIL, 1894, at TEN O'CLOCK, A. M., at the Farm of the said decedent in Keating Township, McKean County, Pa., sell by public vendue and outcry, to the highest and best bidder, the following property belonging to the Estate of the said A. D. Burbank, deceased:

REAL ESTATE.

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the township of Keating, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the center of the public road, in the village of Coleville; thence south 67 degrees east 8 rods along said public road; thence south 23 degrees west 10 rods to a stake; thence north 67 degrees west 8 rods to a stake; thence north 23 degrees east 10 rods to the place of beginning. Containing one-half acre of land, strict measure, and being same premises conveyed to A. D. Burbank by W. B. Clarke, Sheriff of McKean county, by deed bearing date the 26th day of Feb'y, 1869, and recorded in deed book, Vol. 36, page 268, of McKean County Records. Having thereon one two-story hotel building, barn and the usual out-buildings.

SECOND. All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the township of Keating, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post corner on the east bank of Potatoe Creek, standing one hundred and fifteen perches north and 90 perches east of the southwest corner of warrant No 2059, and being part of said warrant; thence east 228 perches to a post corner; thence south 70 perches to a post corner; thence west 201 perches to a post corner on the east bank of Potatoe Creek; thence down the said creek by the several courses and distances of the same to the place of beginning. Containing 111 acres and 37 perches of land, strict measure, be the same more or less, and being the same premises conveyed by John Keating et al, to Alonzo D. Burbank by deed dated May 20th, 1851, and recorded in book "G" of deeds at page 313, with the right to the use of the water of a certain spring on lands adjacent to the above described premises, more particularly described in certain articles of agreement, bearing date the 10th day of December, 1856, between Daniel Burbank of the first part, and Alonzo D. Burbank of the second part, recorded in miscellaneous record book, page 207. Excepting rights of way conveyed to Railroad Co. and National Transit Co. Having thereon a large farm house, with barns and usual out-buildings and fruit trees.

THIRD. All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the township of Keating, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follow, to-wit: Commencing at a post corner in the old State road, the north east corner of land contracted by A. D. Burbank to Clarence Powell, and now owned by the Smethport Gas Co.; thence along the line of the old State road, south 43 degrees east 28 perches; north 73 degrees east 62 perches to a post, the northwest corner of land conveyed to H. Hamlin, lot No. 53; thence south 118.3 perches to a post, the southwest corner of the same; thence west 77.5 perches to the southeast corner of the said lands of the Smethport Extract Co.; thence north along the east line of same 107 perches, to the place of beginning. Containing 52.6 acres of land strict measure, be the same more or less, and being part of lot No. 200 of the allotment of Keating lands in Keating township, and part of warrant No. 2059 and being a part of the same premises conveyed by William McGervisk, executor of the last will and testament of Hugh Glenn, late of Smethport borough, deceased, to Alonzo D. Burbank, by deed bearing date the 9th day of September, A. D. 1864, and recorded in deed book Vol. 25, page 461. Excepting and reserving a tract of land containing one acre and 104 square perches conveyed by A. D. Burbank to Sarah Green by deed bearing date April 14th, 1883, and recorded in deed book 80, page 190, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post the southeast corner of lands conveyed by John Keating estate to Hugh Glenn, lot No. 200; thence west 26 perches to a post corner in the north line of land of L. N. DeOrbigny, lot No. 199, and in the centre of the road; thence by the centre of the road, north 72 degrees east 11.5 perches; thence north 61 degrees east 17 perches; thence north 49 degrees, east 11 perches to a post corner in the west line of land of Thomas King, lot No. 83; thence south 19 perches to the place of beginning. Also excepting and reserving all the natural gas in and under the above described premises with the rights appurtenant thereto as shown by a certain indenture dated the 11th day of May, A. D. 1872, by A. D. Burbank of the first part and the Smethport Gas Co. of the second part.

FOURTH. The one third part of all and any oil or gas which may be found in and under all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the township of Keating, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of the Asa Tyler farm; thence west 73 rods and 5 links to the east bank of Potato creek; thence up the east bank of said creek following its several courses to a soft maple tree, the northwest corner of the Bruce Robbins lot; thence east 18 rods and 15 links to a post corner; thence north 16 degrees west 134 rods to the place of beginning. The above interest being the interest reserved by Alonzo D. Burbank in a deed bearing date April 1st, 1881, to Malachi Rowan, recorded in deed book Vol. 27, page 160.

PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Eight cows, twenty-six sheep, one mowing machine, one sulky horse rake, one spring tooth cultivator, one set sleds, one land roller, one lumber wagon, a quantity of sugar tools, one cutting box, one caldron kettle, one bay stallion.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash.

D. C. YOUNG,
Executor.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Attorney.

EXCELSIOR
MARBLE ∴ AND ∴ GRANITE ∴ WORKS,
W. H. PRENTISS, PROPRIETOR.
[Successor to W. H. PRENTISS & CO.]

Marble and Granite and Cemetery work. Special attention will be paid to all orders for grading and fencing of Cemetery Lots, Cleaning, Resetting or Lettering of Monuments and Headstones. For prices or any other information call at office or address us. Office and Works on Water St., Smethport, Pa.

They Have Surrendered!

These faces indicate the look of our competitors when, some time ago, we opened the market on granulated sugar at 5 cents when they were asking six cents.

MORAL.—If you don't want your face to look like these, do your trading with us, who are trying to show the people of Smethport and vicinity that it is not necessary to go elsewhere for good goods at right prices.

BURLINGAME & COLEGROVE.

NEW -:- FURNITURE
SPECHT & SASSE

We have a large stock of the latest designs in furniture and we are able to offer some very attractive bargains. If you want a single piece of furniture or an outfit for your home, it will pay you to see our store.

DON'T FAIL TO CALL
before making a purchase elsewhere
Undertaking in all its branches a specialty
Corner of Main and Union Streets. SMETHPORT, PA.

DURING THESE
HARD TIMES
I can offer you Early Times and White Satin Flour

for One Dollar and One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents per sack. The Cheapest and Best Flour on the market. Gives the best satisfaction to the trade. The housewives all ask for the White Satin, as the name is attractive; but its greatest attraction is its quality. Before purchasing elsewhere, come and see my new stock, bought by the carload. I will not be undersold.

I also manufacture the best
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR
at three cents per pound. All kinds of milling done to satisfaction. Come and see me.

C. E. BARRET.

10 Per Cent Power Saved
—BY BUYING YOUR—
CYCLES
of us. This accomplished with an invention of our own which is fitted to all our Bicycles without extra charge. Do not buy without looking over our fine lines at all prices, and remember a saving of 10 per cent power is quite an item and has other advantages.
M. A. WOODBURY,
41-43 Mechanic St.,
Bradford, Pa.

PALMER & THOMPSON,
Livery, Feed and Sale
STABLES.
Largest, Best Equipped and Most Complete Livery Establishment in McKean county.
Prompt attention to orders by wire.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
JEWELER,
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Silverware,
Spectacles,
Toys,
Eye-glasses.
And all goods pretaining to a First-class Jewelry store.
Satisfaction guaranteed, and prices as Low as the Lowest. Call and inspect our new stock.

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Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. $3 a year. Specimen copies sent free.
Building Edition, monthly, $2.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, [illegible]

THE STORE
YOU TRADE AT

SHOULD HAVE REDUCED PRICES TO-DAY. MATERIALS ARE DOWN; LABOR IS DOWN; THE MARKET PRICE IS DOWN ON MOST THINGS.

It takes grit to cut a whole store full of Goods, when the market falls, but the honest store must do it. We do it.

Some Reductions:

SILVERWARE 25 PER CENT.
That's because silver fell. But silver will rise.

NEVER BREAK 50 PER CENT.
Those famous steel cooking utensils, cut exactly one-half. That's temporary.

GRANITE IRON 25 PER CENT.
Almost as cheap to-day as the commonest ware for your kitchen.

LAMPS
We're a beautiful Rochester Banquet Lamp, onyx column, silk shade and all, cut to $5.00.

HARNESS 20 PER CENT.
And most horse goods cut like these.

HORSE BLANKETS 20 PER CENT.
Fur Robes and all. They'll be higher next winter.

And so with most lines. But times are fast improving and prices will rise. Our advice is, buy to-day. We are doing it ourselves. By all means buy to-day.

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,
EMERY & WEAVER.
43-45 Main St. Bradford, Pa.

Remember the Special 15 Day Sale

Of CHAMBER SUITES, ODD DRESSERS and WASH STANDS. The prices are away down.

Chamber Suite	worth	$70.00	for $50.00.
" "	"	38.00	" 27.00.
" "	"	30.00	" 23.00.
" "	"	26.00	" 21.00.
" "	"	25.00	" 20.00.
" "	"	17.00	" 11.75.
Odd Dressers	"	13.00	" 10.00.
" "	"	11.00	" 8.75.
" "	"	10.00	" 8.40.
Wash Stands	"	5.00	" 4.25.

We have a large stock of bedding that we will sell at a very small margin of profit.

Furniture & Carpet Co.
A. REILLY, Manager.
SMETHOPRT, - PENNA.

BOOKS, NOVELS.
If you want a Novel for 10c. go to McCoy's Drug Store.
If you want a Novel for 15c. go to McCoy's Drug Store.
If you want a Novel for 25c. go to McCoy's Drug Store.
If you want a Bible, Prayer Book Dictionary and all, Etc., go to
McCOY'S DRUG STORE,
ODD FELLOW'S BUILDING,
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

J. G. WILLIAMS,
FRESH & SMOKED MEATS,
POULTRY and OYSTERS,
Groceries & Provisions,
Canned Goods, &c.
The public are invited to make a careful inspection of my stock and prices.
J. G. WILLIAMS.
Main St., above Grand Central. SMETHPORT, PA

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Pa., March 9, 1894.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The label on your paper shows the time to which it is paid.

If you want the address of your paper changed give the old address as well as the new one.

If you want your paper stopped, pay arrearages, otherwise you will continue liable if the paper is sent to you whether you take it from the office or not.

If you do not get the paper regularly let us know. We send every man's paper every week and the trouble is with the mails when not received.

☞ Remember that for $1.50 we send the MINER and Philadelphia Weekly PRESS one year.

New Advertisements This Week.

M. L. Armstrong, bicycles.
Holmes & Gilfillan, lumber.
Owen Bros., Neal & Haena.
Barnes, Hengerer & Co.
M. J. Adams & Co.
H. W. Marcus.
Stickney, Ritchie & Co.
Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. time table.
Baugh & Sons Co., fertilizer.
Executor's sale, A. D. Burbank's Est.
Burlingame & Colegrove.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

"When you're feeling for the match-safe,
Blindly groping either side,
Don't you hate to bump your head hard
On a door that's open wide?"

—Spring weather.

—Whose paper is this?

—Are you reading your own MINER?

—Farmers are harvesting maple sugar.

—Read the advertisements this week.

—Baby carriages and bicycles are making their appearance.

—A new K. O. T. M. tent was organized recently at Corydon.

—The MINER is the best advertising medium in McKean county.

—"The cat came back." Read Holmes & Gilfillan's new advertisement.

—C. W. Lilgendahl is building a new blacksmith shop on Water street.

—Constable indemnifying bonds and J. P. summons for sale at this office.

—Stickney, Ritchie & Co. announce new attractions to be advertised next week.

—Tom McClellan, the Mt. Jewett lumberman, has purchased the Mt. Jewett *Herald*.

—A. J. Colegrove and wife now occupy the pleasant rooms over the store of Burlingame & Colegrove.

—At a recent meeting of the Bradford city council the question of a paid fire department was voted down.

—Hon. Isaac Benson, an old and highly respected citizen of Coudersport, is very ill, with but little hope of recovery.

—H. W. Rubin, our popular clothier, is putting in a new floor, and otherwise improving the appearance of his store.

—Application will be made to the Governor the last of this month for a charter of incorporation for a gas company at Mt. Jewett.

—A. F. Ritchie went to Buffalo the first of the week on a business trip. Look out for new goods at the store of Stickney, Ritchie & Co.

—We have received a communication from John O. Sonbergh, which, owing to our crowded space, we are obliged to leave out this week.

—We extend our sympathy to Bro. J. P. Herrick, of the Ceres *Mail*, whose father died recently at the Warren State hospital of paralysis.

—Edward McGill, aged 74 years, died in Keating township, Saturday last. Funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth church, Tuesday morning.

—Wetmore township has been divided into two voting precincts. We can not give the place of the second precinct yet, as it has not been decided upon.

—Emil Thamm, the cigar man, is happy again. He has moved back to his old quarters on Main street, where he will be glad to wait on all his customers.

—Photographer Latham made a very fine picture last week of a number of log teams in front of the Grand Central. The picture reflects great credit on the artist.

—If correspondents do not find their letters in the paper they may find them in the waste basket. Articles written on both sides of the paper generally find their way there.

—Five medals of merit were awarded the G. & J. M'f'g Co., at the World's Fair, on the high qualities of Rambler bicycles and parts. Wonder why? Catalogues at F. C. Pierce's.

—About twenty-five young people gave Mr. Leighton Smart a birthday surprise at the residence of P. D. Hopkins on Monday evening. They report having had a very pleasant time.

Mrs. Wm Cory received a check for $3,000 from the Supreme Tent Knights of Maccabees last week on the death of her son, W. H. Cory, which occurred some time ago in the west.

—If your wife whistles, encourage her in it; a woman can't talk and whistle at the same time.—*Autograph*. What's the matter, Caskey? Have you been receiving certain lectures lately?

—Balmy spring weather these days. the ground-hog saw his shadow on the second of February and according to the old saw we should have six weeks of sleighing in March. Old signs sometimes fail.

—It is said that the money of some of those who are foremost in the endeavor to find gas for Austin, is tied up in the Bank of Coudersport. This may delay the drilling or piping of gas for some time.—*Tribune*.

—We are pleased to learn that Mr. H. W. Marcus, the popular merchant of Olean, who has been seriously ill for some time past, is now convalescing and will soon be able to give personal attention to his large business.

—Our readers will notice by reading the advertisement of the Excelsior Marble and Granite Works, that Mr. W. H. Prentiss is now sole proprietor, having bought out the other interests. Our wish is that Mr. Prentiss may have a successful career.

—A Williamsport mechanic thinks that by placing a large turbine water wheel in the Susquehanna river, and conducting water to it through a conduit, that he can get from 30,000 to 50,000 horse power, enough to run all the machinery of the lumber city.

—J. W. Smith was arrested at Emporium on Saturday on a warrant charging him with having raised a check from $3 to $45.85. The check was given by W. S. Reese and was cashed by H. W. Martindale, of Sizerville, who caused the arrest of Smith.

—John Miller, of Eldred, was arrested on Tuesday for making threats against his wife and confined in jail. On Wednesday he said he was all right, the whiskey having gone from his head. He promises to be a better man in the future. We hope he will.

—The third open meeting of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood will be held at the Fulton street chapel on Thursday evening, March 15th, at 8 p. m. J. W. Bouton is to read a paper; good music, etc. As the meetings are free we expect a good gathering.

—Serves the Bradford *Era* right for trying to make out that the county jail is haunted. That paper is now getting its pay in being haunted by skunks. As a profitable and interesting investment during these hard times the *Era* might start a skunk farm.

—The Furniture and Carpet Company have tastefully fitted up the basement of their store and have it well stocked with wall paper and other articles necessary for a first-class furniture store. Call and see Mr. Reilly; he will be pleased to show you his extensive line of goods.

—The stage line between Bradford and Rixford, owing to the horrible condition of the roads, does not make a daily trip at present. The stage will go only on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The proprietor of the stage is an enterprising man, but his name is Dennis.—*Era*.

—J. H. Tate, ex-county commissioner of McKean county, and a citizen that county can ill afford to lose, has hopes of locating in Ridgway.—*Ex*. We should regret very much to lose our esteemed townsman. But of one thing we are assured, he will make hosts of friends wherever he goes.

—Don't say that you haven't the time to attend to your advertising in a proper manner. Really you haven't time to do anything else. Advertising is the most important thing about any business. It is the vital spark. What good does it do you to have the very best thing or the greatest bargain on earth, if people don't know it?

—Last evening, before reaching Kinzua Junction, the B., B. & K. passenger train nearly run over a woman, who was walking along the track. The train was just stopped in time to save her. The woman proved to be Mrs. Lizzie Bradley, who was walking to Bradford from Smethport. She was taken aboard and brought to this city.—*Era*.

—We apologize to Mr. Choate on account of the omission last week, and also to H. S. Rogers. We congratulate Mr. Rogers on the acquisition to his family and tip our hats to Mr Choate on his venerable title of grandfather. Instead of looking older it seemed to freshen him up at least ten years. May he live long and enjoy many such pleasant surprises.

—Some of the newspapers in another state have been bragging of a 33-year-old grandmother, and sending her picture all over the country. As if anything in the line of enterprise could not be excelled. But the Bangor *News* comes along with the report of a little boy born in Brooksville on January 1, whose mother is not yet 14 years old, and whose grandmother is not yet 29.

—The Farmers' and Breeders' Agricultural Association of Potter Co. was organized at Ulysses on the 23d of last month. They had a very interesting meeting and subjects of importance were discussed. They will meet again next month. This is a move in the right direction and we trust that the farmers of McKean county will see the importance of organizing a similar organization.

—Tuesday morning Sheriff Walker left for Pittsburg with Chas. Herrick, H. J. Morris and H. Mell. The three latter will abide in the city of Allegheny for some time. The boys were all cheerful and did not seem to take their conviction very much to heart. May they learn by experience that the way of the transgressor is hard, come out much wiser men and strive to do better in the future.

—Last Saturday Frank Perkerelli, a boy about seven years old, was playing on the ice in the city of Bradford. It seems the boy had left his cap on the ice near a hole, and in trying to regain the cap fell headlong into the water, and was swept under the ice and drowned. The ice has been broken up with dynamite, the stream dragged, and everything done to recover the body, but thus far without success.

—Our old friend, Henry Button, of Coudersport, called at the MINER office on Wednesday and showed us the plans of a new house that Hon. A. G. Olmsted contemplates building in the spring. For artistic skill and workmanship we consider the plans shown to be unsurpassed, and from the knowledge we have of Mr. Button's workmanship we have no hesitancy in recommending him to all in need of a good artist in his line.

—John Doubles, of Bradford, who has been in castle Walker for the last five months charged with selling liquor without license, was discharged Monday afternoon, taking with him Ralph Crossmire's rocking chair as a memorial of his happy sojourn in McKean county's fortress. Mr. Doubles carried a map with him from the jail, very likely to act as a guide to his footsteps in the future. On his departure from the jail he told Mr. Walker they would never see him there again.

—At the 28th annual encampment of the G. A. R. in Philadelphia last week the boys in blue had a glorious time, fighting their battles over again and renewing old acquaintances. Mayor Stuart welcomed the boys, Commander Sample, of Pittsburg, responding. Following are some of the statistics: Number in good standing Dec. 31, 1893, 43,724; Posts organized 6; Posts disbanded 1; new members 78; number dropped 724; expended for relief $35,681.99; deaths during year 846. Officers installed, Com. Wm. Emeley; S. V. Com. Alfred Darte; J. V Com. T. B. Beyer; Chap. J. W. Sayers; J. A. Harry White. The next State encampment will be held at Williamsport.

—Our old friend, U. B. Russell, of Coudersport, succeeded in obtaining a capable partner in his extensive lumber business on March first. Mr. Russell we have known for a number of years and have always found him a gentleman in every sense of the word. Honest, upright and industrious, he has by his fair dealing made his business a great success. Mr. Russell's new partner, E. F. Doerner, we have known for a much longer period, and as an associate all who know anything about the case would be anxious to obtain as good a partner as Mr. Russell has been fortunate enough to secure. We bespeak for the new firm a long and prosperous existence. Of course little *responsibilities* will come, but that will only cement the ties of the new firm more closely and give greater joy to the parental roof of both sides of the house. Feeling assured that the amiable dispositions of the new firm will carry them safely over all difficulties that may arise, we wish Mr. and Mrs. Russell a long and happy life.

It's all the same, a slight cold, congested lungs or severe cough. One minute cough cure banishes them. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

J. O. Williams receives weekly a fresh line of [illegible] brand of Hams. Try them.

COMING AND GOING.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

C. A. Burdick had business in Bradford Tuesday.

J. M. McElroy visited Bradford Monday night.

Attorney John N. Apple went to Warren on Monday.

Judge Morrison attended court at Coudersport this week.

H. D. Burlingame spent Sunday with his family at Olean.

Henry Button, of Coudersport, visited the hub on Wednesday.

T. H. Clark, of Coudersport, was over to attend the funeral of Mrs. Walsh.

George Morrison, of Buffalo, is spending a few days with his parents in town.

Stephen Pattison and Fritz Black, of Kasson, called at our office on Monday.

Commissioner Foster was an early passenger for Bradford Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Williams, of Chicago, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Carrie Reilly, of Main street.

Commissioner Hungiville went to Kane Thursday morning, on business for the county.

S. S. Washburn, of Mt. Alton, called Saturday, on his way to Coudersport to visit his old home.

E. K. Godding, of the *Democrat*, boarded the early train for Bradford Tuesday morning.

Miss Blanche Cole, of Coudersport, has accepted a position in a millinery establishment at Eldred.

Mrs. Terry returned to her home in Kasson on Sunday, after a week's visit with friends in Smethport.

Chester Prouty, of Philadelphia, who is introducing the Instanter & Simonds's saw, was in town on Tuesday.

Ex-County Commissioner Biggins, of Eldred, was circulating among his friends on Wednesday and Thursday.

Rev. Burt, of Roulette, preached at the Baptist church on Wednesday Thursday and Friday evenings of this week.

Philip Hafner, of Kasson, brightened our office Saturday with something that lightens the heart of the poor printer.

Dr. E. O. Brown returned from Buffalo Monday night, looking as though a sojourn by the lakes had done him good.

C. A. Doerner, of Coudersport, was hustling around among his customers on Monday, going to Bradford in the evening.

F. C. Lyman and wife attended the dedication of the I. O. O. F. Hall at Roulette last week and report having a good time.

O. H. Goodrell spent Sunday in Olean. Saturday we noticed an unusually pleasant smile on some of the fair damsels of Olean.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Hogarth, Mrs. Flora Hogarth and Edward Bennett, of Coudersport, attended the funeral of Mrs. Walsh.

Mrs. H. W. Georgia, of State Line Mills, came to Smethport on Saturday, remaining several days as the guest of friends in town.

J. M. McElroy returned Saturday from Philadelphia, having had a very enjoyable time in the "City of Brotherly Love" visiting among the old comrades.

W. Wilkins, of Kanesholm, an old veteran of the war, called Tuesday and spent a pleasant half hour relating some of his experiences around Petersburg, Pa.

Rev. O. J. Rose, of Gorham, N. Y., a former pastor of the Baptist church here, is spending several days in town and will will preach here on Sunday morning.

Chas. Lunden, the popular proprietor of the Lunden House, Mt. Jewett, was a pleasant caller at the MINER office on Thursday. He gave substantial evidence of his best wishes for our success.

W. F. Junge, the hustling real estate agent of Coudersport, had business in Smethport on Tuesday. Of course he called at our office but his stay was brief, owing to the pressure of business.

Willard Taylor and son, of Turtle Point, came to the hub on Wednesday. Mr Taylor is 80 years of age, having been born in 1814, and looks hale and hearty. N. W., the son called at the MINER office and we enjoyed a pleasant visit with him.

Will Kinney, of Kasson, was among our callers on Monday. The only thing we have against Mr. Kinney is that he is unmarried and is waiting to settle that question before subscribing for the MINER. Of course we are selfish enough to wish he would give up his bachelor life on our own account, but aside from that we think he would be a better man if he would take unto himself a spouse.

To Our Little Friends in School.

Well, children, the term of school is half over. How have you been diligent and industrious, faithful in the discharge of your duties, as placed upon you, by your instructors? Remember that these days are made up of hours wherein you should store up knowlege for future use. If you waste your time now and do not aply yourselves properly to your studies the time will come when you may attempt to draw from your store house and find it empty. Then you will regret the moments spent in idleness and play during childhood's hours, when you might have made grand use of the idle moments in useful study and thus been able to have been a power for good in the land. If you have not been as faithful heretofore, as you should have been, then begin now and become an earnest worker and student in the school. Study hard, aim to succeed, be kind to one another, obedient to your teachers, polite to strangers and above all be honest, and you will make a start in life that will lead to success and happiness the rest of your lives.

Send in the Items.

A local newspaper is often accused of bias in regard to giving people notices—of mentioning the coming and going of some and omitting others. The fault is with the people and not with the editor. He is always willing and even anxious to tell who goes and who comes when he can find out. If you have visitors, let us know who they are and where they are from; if anything happens in your vicinity, let us know about it; if you get married let us know; if you know anything let us know about it. The editor of a newspaper can not be everywhere at once hunting up items, and must depend largely on the people to hand in items of interest.—*Ex*.

To Those About to Build.

All persons about to build should call on or write to H. A. Button, architect and builder, Coudersport, Pa. Plans and specifications made on short notice. The best of references given.

Notice to Bark Jobbers.

3,000 to 10,000 cords of bark to peel and haul. Good jobbers wanted. Apply to H. PALMER & SON, Clermont, Pa.

W. F. SPECHT takes all kinds of Insurance policies, call on him when in want of any insurance.

NECROLOGICAL.

MRS. ETHEL WALSH.

The community around Smethport was greatly shocked last Monday morning by the announcement of the sudden death of Mrs. Ethel Walsh, wife of Postmaster Walsh and the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Armstrong, of this place. The deceased had given birth to a boy the previous Sunday, who survives the mother and who was christened Ethan Armstrong by Rev. J. H. McCandless last Wednesday afternoon, before the body of the mother was removed from the home for burial.

Mrs. Walsh was 32 years of age and has resided in Smethport all her life, except the time which she spent as a student at the Elmira Female College. She was married about three years ago to W. F. Walsh, one of our most popular townsmen.

Mrs. Walsh was a member of the Episcopal church and greatly beloved by all who knew her. She was a great favorite among her numerous friends, always pleasant, kind and true. In her death the community loses a most amiable lady, and sympathy is extended to the bereaved parents and devoted husband in their irreparable loss.

The obsequies took place last Wednesday afternoon in St. Luke's Episcopal church, Rev. J. H. McCandless officiating. The church was crowded with interested friends, thus testifying to the high esteem in which the deceased was held. The oaken casket was literally covered with beautiful flowers, graceful tributes of many friends, among which was an appropriate "Gates-ajar," whose foundation was of white roses and lilies, interlaced with smilax, and the center indented with the words

{ "ETHEL" }

in sweet violets, from Mr. Walsh; a cross from Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong; choice white roses and an exquisite wreath of violets, beautifully tied with purple ribbon, from ex-Sheriff Clarke. The other floral tributes were beautiful, and the appropriate music was exceedingly impressive.

The interment was in Rose Hill cemetery. The following gentlemen acted as pall bearers: C. A. Backer, W. D. Gallup, W. F. Specht, F. W. Brownell, S. C. Townsend and T. H. Purtle.

Among relatives present from a distance were Mrs. Stone, of Rochester, Mr and Mrs. Leon Hogarth, Mrs. Flora Hogarth and E. B. Bennett, of Coudersport, Miss H. A. Walsh, of Olean, and Mrs. Thad. Moore, of Emporium.

MRS. DORA WETENHALL.

The people of Smethport were shocked on Monday afternoon upon receiving the intelligence that Mrs. William H. Wetenhall of Mechanic street had accidentally taken poison—carbolic acid.

Rumors were started that she had taken the drug intentionally, but owing to the fact that she was in perfect health, good spirits and had had no trouble with her family or otherwise, such opinions seem absurd in the extreme. No person who was aquainted with this lady would think of her committing such a deed. Following is a true statement of the accident which should clear up the mystery to the satisfaction of all:

Mrs. Wetenhall had been washing, and at about 3:30 p. m. was taken with a pain in the stomach. She retired to her room where she kept a bottle of paragoric, which she had been in the habit of taking to relieve her when troubled with this pain. There were two bottle standing side by side of the same size and shape. One bottle contained paragoric and the other carbolic acid, which had been left uncorked until the contents had lost most of its odor and became so near the color of paragoric the difference would be hard to detect except by the taste. She, in her distress, undoubtedly picked up the wrong bottle and took a small swallow without looking at the label to see what she was taking. Dr. Freeman afterward said that she had evidently taken about a teaspoonful of this fluid.

A few minutes after she went to her room, which opens off from the sitting room, her brother, Jackson Beckwith, a deaf mute who was amusing one of the unfortunate's children, followed the little one into this room, where he found his sister sitting on the bed, her head dropped over on the pillow, speechless and insensible. After trying to arouse her he discovered that something was wrong and, after informing his father and mother who were about the house of what had happened, hastened to the wagon shop of Mr. Wetenhall, where he found him and notified him of the accident, and medical assistance was immediately summoned.

Dr. Chadwick was the first physician to reach the bedside of the unfortunate woman. Drs. Freeman and Clark were called to assist, and the three worked for three hours to counteract the effects of this deadly drug, and at one time they had hopes of her reviving, but the firey fluid had burned the linings of the throat and stomach to such a degree that she was beyond human assistance. And at about 6:40 that evening she passed away without regaining consciousness.

This sad accident calls to memory a similar mistake which cost her brother, Ransom Beckwith, his life some eighteen or twenty years ago. He was going to work and not feeling well, and stopped at the drug store of Armstrong & Rogers, and thinking that he understood the drug business well enough to help himself to what he wanted, the clerk being otherwise engaged, took a large swallow of aconite, supposing it to be whiskey. Medical assistance was summoned, but nothing could restore him, and he died within fifteen minutes after he had taken this most deadly drug.

Miss Dora, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ransom Beckwith, was born July 22d, 1853, in the home where she died, and was married, to William H. Wetenhall on November 12, 1853. Three children, one girl and two boys, were born to gladden their home, the youngest being only twenty months of age.

The deceased was a kind hearted lady, always ready to help a person in distress, and by this mode of living had gained the love and respect of all who were acquainted with her. She leaves a husband and three small children, an aged father and mother, two sisters, Mrs. S. S King of Lowell, Ark., Mrs. Charles F. Keefer and one brother, Jackson Beckwith, of this borough, to mourn her sudden demise.

The funeral services, which were held on Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the house, were largely attended by her friends, Rev. George W. Halliwell officiated. The following young ladies had charge of the floral decorations: Alice Richards, Octavia Ramer, Lydia Burlingame, Hattie Fraley and Edna Brennan. The tributes were many and appropriate. Messrs. H. M. Choate, Wm. Haffner, Chas. Lemmler, J. E. Shook, C. A. Burdick and W. G. Holder were the pall bearers. The remains were interred in Rose Hill cemetery.

C. M. CAPEHART.

C. M. Capehart died Sunday night at his home in East Smethport of softening of the brain, aged 52 years.

The deceased was born in Muffreesboro, N. C., and moved with his wife and son, Fray, to East Smethport about fifteen years ago. Several years ago Mr. Capehart had his hip crushed while working in the Smethport Extract Works and has been a cripple since. Mrs. Capehart was appointed postmistress in 1889 and for four years he performed most of the work satisfactorily. He was a member of the F. & A. M. Lodge No 17 of Muffreesboro. Mr. Capehart took a demit from the above lodge intending to join the Masons here, but for some reason neglected to do so, which is to be regretted as it debarred the Masonic society here from burying him under Masonic rights. His father was a Knight Templar, and was State lecturer of North Carolina for a number of years. The deceased leaves a wife and one son to mourn their sad loss.

The funeral services were held at the home of the deceased Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, Rev. G. W. Halliwell officiating. The pall bearers were Messrs. Choate, King, Young, Rubin, Eckels and Specht. Aside from the relatives and friends about twenty Masons followed the remains to Rose Hill cemetery where they were laid to rest.

Court Proceedings.

In the Corydon dam case, the jury, after deliberating several hours, returned a verdict of not guilty, the defendant, Hall, to pay three-fourths of the cost and the plaintiffs, B. D. Towne and C. Seaman to pay one fourth of the cost.

The court transferred the wholesale liquor license of J. L. Andrews to H. M. Plague.

May Payton was convicted of selling liquor without license and acquitted of the charge of selling liquor on Sunday, the county to pay the costs.

The grand jury refused to recommend the building of a bridge over Oswayo creek, in Ceres township.

Orr Griswold, charged with assault and battery, was called. Prosecutrix, Nettie Bailey, was not present and defendant found not guilty. Prosecutrix ordered to pay costs.

Al Mizen was acquitted of violating the liquor laws of the State.

Lena Sherman petitions for a divorce from Charles W. Sherman.

The two cases of Charles Herrick were disposed of. Defendant was accused with larceny of a ring and sewing machine. Verdict guilty. He was also accused by same prosecutrix of assault and battery. Verdict not guilty; costs divided.

While juries in both Herrick cases and the nuisance case were out Judge Morrison agreed to here the surety of peace case of John J. Sheehy vs P. H. Davitt. Evidence was taken and the court divided costs.

Judge Morrison refused to transfer the Willard hotel license to Dana and Hennessy.

The grand jury concluded its work Friday. The following bills were returned:

Com. vs Dan Daily. A true bill.

Com. vs S. F. Sloan. A true bill.

Com. vs James E. Whitelorn. Not a true bill.

Com. vs H. Foster. Not a true bill.

Judge Morrison imposed the following sentences on Saturday:

May Payton, convicted of selling without license, was sentenced to pay a fine of $500 and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for four months.

Tony and Alick Ross, convicted of illegal liquor selling, were each sentenced to pay a fine of $500 and four months in jail.

John O. Sonberg, who pleaded guilty of embezzlement, was sentenced to pay $200 fine and undergo imprisonment in jail three months.

John McCafferty, convicted of assault, $100 fine and one month in jail.

Harvey and Charles Mell, larceny; $100 fine each and one year and three months in the Western Penitentiary.

Harry J. Morris, larceny; $100 fine and two years and three months in the Western penitentiary.

Charles Herrick, larceny; —— fine and one year and three months in the Western penitentiary.

Charles Anderson, larceny; $100 fine and six months in jail.

John Stevenson, larceny; $100 fine and six months in jail.

Charles J. Morris, who pleaded guilty to stealing whisky from the B., R. & P. car with Harvey Mell and Harry Morris, was not sentenced. A number of people petitioned Judge Morrison in behalf of the boy. They believed he had been led into it and would do better if released. The court suspended sentence and will give the boy a chance to reform.

A motion for a new trial in the case of the Com. vs Lizzie Bradley, stealing chickens, will be argued March 13, and sentence in this case has been post poned pending the motion.

AT JUSTICE HOLDER'S COURT.

Com. vs Thomas McCarty. Defendant waived a hearing and gave bail in the sum of $400 for appearance at June term.

Com. vs Geo. Taylor; assault and battery, held Monday afternoon. Defendant gave bail for appearance at June term.

For the Monument Fund.

FELLOW TEACHERS,—At the meeting of the Teachers' Association in Bradford, on Feb 24, it was unanimously decided by those present to join, and to urge all other teachers in the county to join in the following plan to teach a lesson of patriotism to their pupils and at the same time to pay the debt on the County Soldiers' Monument standing in front of the court house in Smethport.

Each school is requested to prepare an entertainment to which the friends of the school shall be invited to come, charge a small admission or take up a collection, and forward the same to me to be applied to the payment of the above debt—$1,200. These entertainments are to be held on April 9th, the anniversary of the firing on Fort Sumpter, or April 12th, the anniversary of Lee's surrender. If local matters interfere with both of these dates, choose some other during the same week.

Now will you take hold of this matter and help remove the disgrace of this debt from the county. Do not pass it by without giving it the support of your best effort. Seize the opportunity to instill deeply in the minds of your pupils a lesson of love of country and its defenders. Talk it over with the people of your district and get up an enthusiasm over the subject. If all do this, the debt will be wiped out.

All contributions will be acknowledged by me. Send what you get however large or small.

Patriotically Yours,
W. P. ECKELS, Co. Sup't.

A Quarter Century Test.

For a quarter of a century Dr. King's New Discovery has been tested, and the millions who have received benefit from its use testify to its wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. A remedy that has stood the test so long and that has given so universal satisfaction is no experiment. Each bottle is positively guaranteed to give relief, or the money will be refunded. It is acknowledged to be the most reliable for Coughs and Colds. The bottles free at F. R. Foster and A. B. Armstrong & Co., drug stores. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

Sailed the Seas 33 Years.

Capt. A. P. Loud is a prominent resident of Hampden, Me. For 33 years he sailed the seas and upon retiring from that calling, was appointed by the U. S. government to superintend its interests in the Alaska seal fisheries, a position he held five years. In speaking of his experience, he says: "For several years I was greatly troubled with nervousness, and a pain in the region of my heart. It was almost impossible for me to get rest and sleep. Physicians from New York to San Francisco did me no good, but Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and New Heart Cure speedily and completely cured me. I owe my present and excellent health to them.

Every mother should keep a bottle of Carter's Extract of Smartweed in the house. When the little one comes home with wet feet and chilled a hot sling of Carter's Extract Smart Weed will prevent taking cold. Children like it; it is as pleasant as lemonade. F. R. Foster.

RENEW the New Year aright and get your Insurance written by W. F. Specht.

Church Dedication at Coudersport.

The dedication services of the new M. E. church at Coudersport were held March 4th. The day was all that could be desired and a large audience assembled at 10:30 in the elegant brick edifice on Third street, near Main.

The church was built at a cost of $18,000, the Messrs. Sweltzer, of Emporium, Pa., being the contractors. It is certainly a very handsome structure. The main audience room will seat about 400 persons, and is separated from the Sunday school room by large sliding doors, so arranged that the two rooms can be opened together, thus giving an additional seating capacity of about 250. In the front of the church are three stained glass windows, presented by the Epworth League, the Ladies' Aid Society, and the Sunday school, and they are works of art. On the left of the main audience room is a large stained-glass window, in memoriam of Clara Olmsted, and on the right is a large memorial window of D. C. Larrabee, and a smaller one of L. H. Cobb. The pastor's study is at the right of the pulpit, and at the left is the choir. The ceiling is of steel and beautifully and artistically decorated. In the basement of the church is a large dining room, a large parlor, kitchen, pantry, closets, etc. Two large furnaces heat the building, and it is lighted throughout with combination gas and electric chandeliers, the one in the main audience room having forty-nine lights.

In the morning Dr. Ives, of Auburn, N Y. addressed an audience which completely filled all the available space in the church. His text was from Heb. ix: 22, "And without shedding of blood there is no remission." The discourse was very able and was attentively listened to by the large audience. At the close of his address Dr. Ives stated that a debt of $10,000 was to be raised, and called for subscriptions. L. E. Larrabee was appointed secretary. The amount was quickly raised. Some of the larger subscriptions were as follows:

H. J. Olmsted, C. H. Armstrong and wife, E. C. Stevens and wife, Mrs. L. C. Ross, W. I. Lewis, Hoyt Bros. of New York city, Ladies' Aid Society, C. L. Peck and wife, Epworth League, and L. E. Larrabee and wife, each $500.

The following persons subscribed $250: Mrs. M. J. Larrabee, A Friend, Mrs. H. C. Saunders and W. E. Saunders, Ladies' Aid Society, F. E. Horton, Epworth League, A Friend, and Hon. A. G. Olmsted. The other subscriptions were quickly and cheerfully given, and the meeting closed to reassemble at 7:30 p. m.

At 7:30 p. m., the church was again filled to overflowing, and the audience listened to an address by Dr. Ives. The reverend gentleman again called for subscriptions, and about $700 was raised in a few minutes. The dedication services were then held, the following ministers participating: Dr. Ives, Presiding Elder E. H. Laftimer, Dr. Stevens of Hornellsville, N. Y., Rev. Kinney of Oswayo, and Rev. Joseph Dennis of Coudersport. Rev. R. T. Guernsey, of the Baptist church, and Rev. C. T. Edwards, of the Presbyterian church, were also on the platform. At the close of the dedicatory services Rev. Dennis took occasion to thank all for their liberal subscriptions, and to speak of the very friendly relations between the contractors and the members of the church.

Monday, the 5th inst. at noon, the Ladies' Aid Society gave a banquet in the church parlors, which was largely attended.

At 2:30 p. m. Rev. E. H. Laftimer addressed a large audience, and at 7:30 p. m. Dr. Stevens delivered a discourse.

The people of Coudersport are one and all very highly pleased with the enterprise of the Methodists in erecting the new edifice. The sister churches stood by them from beginning to end, the Baptist church giving a large subscription toward raising the debt. The new church is an edifice that any town or city might well be proud of.

Is the County Jail Haunted?

Harvey Mell, of this city, is a prisoner at Smethport. Last week he informed a visitor to the county jail from this city that the jail is haunted. "In the cell formerly occupied by Ralph Crossmire," said Mell, "an Italian was given his quarters, and the fellow was twice driven out of his bed by a tall white ghost. When the thing appeared to the Italian he clutched at it but there was nothing only air to clutch, and as his cell door was not locked he ran shrieking from the place as it a hundred demons were after him. He woke up all the prisoners with his yells.

"I saw enough here myself the other night," continued Mell, "to convince me that the jail is haunted, and I tell you right here that I would rather spend a year in state's prison than a month here." Other prisoners were of the same mind.

"Ralph always told us that he would come back if he could," said a prisoner who is serving a long sentence, "and I guess he is keeping his word."

Wonders never cease. The Bradford *Era* came out Tuesday with the above wonderfully sensational story; that the ghost of Ralph Crossmire is haunting the jail. We think Ralph has got all the business he can attend to without coming back to McKean county's bastile to haunt the prisoners therein confined. He was on good terms with the inmates, and there has been a change of officials. As he was also on good terms with the former management there is no reason for his haunting the jail. Mr. Mell's supper must have rested heavily on his stomach.

Teachers' Examinations.

Teachers' examinations for McKean county will be held as follows:

Ceres, Friday, March 16.
Morrisons, Thursday, March 22.
Corydon twp. in Corydon village, Friday, March 23.
Hamlin, Monday, April 2.
Eldred, Tuesday, " 3.
Port Allegany, Wednesday, April 4.
Turtle Point, Thursday, " 5.
East Smethport, Monday. " 9.
Duke Center, Tuesday, " 10.
Derrick City, Wednesday, " 11.
Dallas " Thursday, " 12.
Mt. Alton, Monday, " 16.
Custer City, Tuesday, " 17.
Mt. Jewett, Thursday, " 19.
Kane, Friday, April 20

Examinations will begin promptly at nine o'clock p. m., except at Hamlin and Morrisons, where they will open on the arrival of the trains from Clermont and Bradford respectively. Applicants must be supplied with pencil and fools-cap paper. Those unknown to the Superintendent must bring certificates of good moral character. Those failing at any examination will not be re-examined during the year. No provisional certificates will be endorsed. Persons under 16 years of age will not be examined.

School directors are urged to arrange to be present at these examinations and look over the work of the applicants, as this will be of vast assistance in selecting teachers.

An examination will be held in Bradford (Central building) on Friday, July 6th, for those, *only, who were out of the county attending school* at the time of the regular examinations.

W. P. ECKELS, Co. Sup't.

School Report.

The following pupils did not miss a day during the past three months, in room No. 1:

Kenneth Mayo, John Taylor,
Hazel Abbey, Harry Sasse.

The following pupils did not miss a day during the past month:

Kenneth Mayo, Margaret Beaver,
Dewly Davis, Hazel Abbey,
John Taylor, Harry Dolby,
Harry Sasse, Robert Keele,
Bennie Young.

MISS ADDA BURCH, Teacher.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, }
Lucas County. } ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by druggists, 75c.

DO YOU wish to enjoy good health, if so, use Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which cleanse the bowels and purify the blood.

AROUND THE COUNTY.

Interesting News From Various Localities Picked up by Our Regular Correspondents.

KANE.

Letters from Curtis Gilson and J. K. Little, pigeon trappers, say that the wild pigeons are now east of the Rocky mountains, in Kansas, where many are now being caught; they are expected here, or in West Virginia, the only two places where feed is plenty for them. The old-time pigeoners here, and at Sheffield, are getting ready for the catch; $3 per dozen is the quotation now by N. Durham, New York city.

W. B. Smith was inaugurated as Burgess, Monday evening, and the board of councilmen organized, with George W. Snyder as chairman of the board. The other juicy plums fell to J. O. Dilley, policeman, and Neil MacEwen, secretary. The inaugural address of Burgess Smith was replete with needed reform in borough matters.

I. J. Nearing & Co., of Ormsby Junction, have purchased of A. A. Daly & Co., the Kane Meat and Provision Co.'s interest here, and took charge of the business on Tuesday. The new firm come well recommended and deserve a share of patronage.

C. L. Sitler, of Renovo, freight brakeman on the P. & E. R. R., had his arm badly crushed, at Johnsonburg, Monday, coupling cars. He was brought to Kane and placed in the sanitorium for treatment. Amputation may be necessary.

The pay car of the Pittsburg & Western Railway came up, Monday night. A hold up had been threatened for four months' pay, due the employees. The trip was made without the slightest indication of trouble.

A party of capitalists are here looking the town over. At their request their names are withheld for the present. Of course the usual number of rumors are in circulation regarding their visit here at this time.

"The Mathematical Fool," was the subject of the lecture in the M. E. church, last week. The speaker interlarded his thoughts on the subject in a manner that kept his audience in the best of humor.

George W. Campbell, Jr., of North Kane, a student in Allegheny College, Meadville, who has been at home for the purpose of having his eyes treated, returned on Saturday to resume his studies.

Col. John F. Gaul, of the 4th Pennsylvania Reserves, spent several hours here on his way home to Marionville from attending the G. A. R. encampment in Philadelphia, last week.

One of our well-known young men is trembling with apprehension, for fear the details of last Sunday's episode down the Kinzua road, will be given publicity.

The political differences at Greensdale and Griffith's switch have been amicably arranged, by a compromise, and no further trouble is anticipated.

We can-not refrain from speaking of the progress that is being made by the society of Christian Endeavor, in the Presbyterian church of this place.

Timothy Claugherty was struck on the forehead, last week, by a log binder, and seriously injured. He is somewhat improved at this writing.

Mrs. P. A. Conley, of Rew City, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. George W. Henderson, has returned home.

Calvin DeYoung, one of prominent merchants, spent Sunday in Meadville with his brother-in-law, Arthur Staples.

CORYVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Cory and B. F. Cory and wife, availed themselves of the low rate to Niagara Falls, last Friday, and returned Saturday night. They report a good time.

The old-time hum of P. S. Holmes' plaining mill was heard agin last week, and the old hands were glad to have a few more days work to do.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rockwell, of Westons, N. Y., have been visiting his father, Philip Rockwell, of this place, during the past week.

We have lots of mud and warm weather these days.

FARMERS' VALLEY.

A young lady called at the home of Clinton Burgess, February 19th, and asked for food and shelter. Clint, being very tender hearted, could not refuse.

Joseph Trumball, formerly a resident of this place, now of Ceres, was shaking hands with friends here last week.

Miss Lyons, of Smethport, made the Curtis school a pleasant visit, on Monday afternoon of last week.

A load of our young people attended the Baptist church, of Smethport, last Sunday evening.

KASSON

Davault Martin, an old subscriber to the MINER, has endured the hardships of the winter, is enjoying good health and is perfectly happy.

W. R. Handyside was at the hub this week, setting up the cigars on the arrival of the little girl at his home.

George Richards has hustled around and got all his logs banked.

For bilious headache and all other conditions resulting from constipation, go by the book on Beecham's pills.

Book free, pills 25c. At drugstores; or write to B F Allen Co, 365 Canal st, New York.

Our Coast Defense.

Mr. Morris Park—"We are absolutely unprovided with coast defenses."

Mrs. Morris Park,—"Well, Tommy ain't. I had to build a thick basement to his winter trousers in order that he might have adequate coast defenses."—*Tammany Times*.

Boiler plate would answer for that kind of defense.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. Kings New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a cough, cold or any lung, throat or chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at F. R. Foster's and A. B. Armstrong's drug store. Large size 50c. and $1.00

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop that cough at once.

Camphor cream catarrh cure will cure catarrh. F. R. Foster.

Notice.

Whereas letters testamentary to the estate of Elizabeth C. Barrett, late of Smethport, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent will make known the same, without delay, to

HENRY HAMLIN, Executor.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 31, 1894-6w.

Legal Notice.

IN THE ORPHANS COURT OF MCKEAN COUNTY.

In Re. Estate of W. D. Lamphier, deceased.

Petition of B. F. Cory, guardian of Eva M. Lamphier, now the wife of Charles Sharp; Anna E. Lamphier, now the wife of H. D. Pratt; and Attie G. Lamphier, minor children of W. D. Lamphier, deceased, to sell real estate of said minors.

Notice is hereby given that having been appointed by the said Court to investigate the facts and report both upon the expediency of granting the order of sale prayed for as well as upon the authority of the Court to do so, I will attend to the duties of my appointment at my office in the borough of [illegible], on Friday, the [illegible] day of March, A. D. 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested may appear and be heard.

5t8 F. R. CORNELL, Auditor.

A Week's Sale to be Remembered!

H·W·MARCUS

Will display a large and complete line of

White Goods, Muslin, Underwear, Embroideries and Lace Curtains.

Everyone should make it a point to visit our store this week.

The largest and finest line of embroideries ever shown over our counters.

A large and carefully selected line of

INDIA LINENS, VICTORIA LAWNS,
NAINSOOK CHECKS AND STRIPES,
MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

These goods are from the best manufactories, and none but the best material used. A beautiful night robe for 48c. Prices accordingly throughout the department.

LACE CURTAINS.—Last week's freight brought us a large line of Lace Curtains and enables us to offer a pretty pattern at 48c pr. At 75c, $1 and upwards to $14. We are offering prettier patterns and better values than ever before.

In order to make room for the new Spring Capes and Jackets already on the way we will offer the balance of our Winter Garments at prices that will surely take them.

Leader of Low Prices and Reliable Goods. H. W. MARCUS, Olean, N. Y.

SMETHPORT, PA., Feb. 15, 1894.

Beginning on Saturday, Feb. 17, we will place on sale an elegant line of Bargains in DRESS GOODS, MUSLINS, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR and NEW WASH DRESS FABRICS, just received. Also new line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes and Slippers. If in need of any of those articles it will be to your advantage to see us.

Mrs. T. D. Nash.

LOOK OUT
FOR OUR
ANNOUNCEMENT
NEXT WEEK!
STICKNEY, RITCHIE & CO.,
Opposite Court House. General Merchants.

NEW GOODS!
NEW GOODS!
RECEIVED DAILY AT
D. C. YOUNG'S.
BEST GENERAL ASSORTMENT
IN THE COUNTY,
AT PRICES THAT WILL DEFY COMPETITION.

Particular Attention paid to the
GROCERY DEPARTMENT
THESE CLOSE-FIGURING TIMES.

No. 1 Creamery Butter 25c. lb. Best Florida Oranges 25 & 30c. doz.
Fresh Eggs, 20 cts. dozen. Granulated Sugar, 5c. lb.
All other Goods sold in proportion.

SMETHPORT, PA., Feb. 21, 1894. D. C. YOUNG.

DR. HOXSIE'S CERTAIN CROUP CURE
NO OPIUM.
AT ALL DRUGGISTS.
IS Guaranteed to CURE or Money Refunded.

NATURAL WHITE OIL

Will positively grow hair on a bald head. It's nature's true hair grower, discovered 1976 feet under the earth's surface. The only Natural Oil in the world. No poisonous drugs, purely a mineral product. Grows mustache and whiskers. Cures Dandruff permanently, stops hair falling out. It is readily absorbed and its use will leave no greasy after-effect. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sold by all druggists. 50 cents per bottle, two bottles direct express prepaid, on receipt of price. Put on the trade only by the WHITE ROCK OIL CO., Toledo, O.

For sale by F. R. FOSTER.

AT

P. D. HOPKINS,

Corner Mill and Mechanic Streets,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.,

Can be found a full line of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots Shoes, &c.

NEW GOODS

Arriving almost daily.

Our canned goods are of the best quality and will be at the lowest market prices.

Remember we are agents for the popular Clothing Firm of G. W. Simmons & Co., Boston, Mass. All orders left with us are promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed.

Thanking our customers for their liberal patronage in the past, we shall by honest and fair dealings, endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

P. D. HOPKINS.

V. KLAPPENBACH,

MERCHANT -:- TAILOR,

Cor. King and Fulton Sts.,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Keeps an assortment of English and French Goods on hand from which to select. Suits will be made up in the latest and most approved Styles, and entire

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

You don't feed your horse

with sawdust because it's cheap—of course not; but some people think they save money by using cheap "manures" on their farms.

There is a manure that's all manure—**that's Baugh's.**

Write us a postal card. Tell us the kind of crops you're raising. We'll send you a sample and tell you all about it free of charge. Address:

BAUGH & SONS COMPANY,

Manufacturers of Raw Bone Manures,

20 S. DELAWARE AVE., PHILADELPHIA.

NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

AND

The McKean County Miner,

ONE YEAR,

One Dollar and Fifty Cents.

Address all Orders to the Miner.

BROWNELL BROS,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

Announce to the people of Smethport and vicinity that their stock is now complete and embraces many

Novelties in Every Department,

Designed for the

EVERY-DAY-TRADE.

OUR EPECUREAN DEPARTMENT is supplied with all the leading brands of Canned and Bottled Good, including fruits, vegetables, meats, soups, etc.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT embraces all the latest fabrics in Dress Goods, White Goods, Table Linens, Damasks, &c.

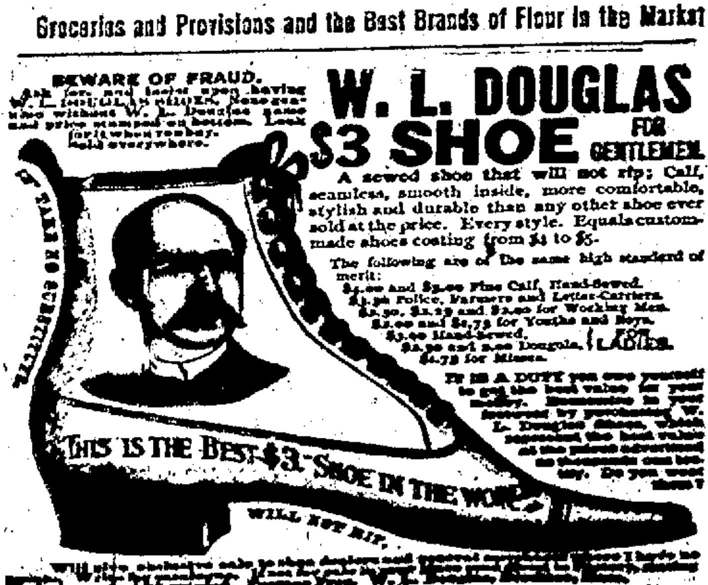
OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT can not be beat. Fine Shoes for Ladies' Misses' and Children's wear. Also Men's Youths' and Boys' Boots and Shoes of every description.

We have also in stock a full line of Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Gloves and Mittens.

We are sole agents of the above suspenders.

Groceries and Provisions and the Best Brands of Flour in the Market

Manufactured by
The Swanton Suspender Co.
Swanton Vt.
Keep your pants on with the Atwood Suspender.



BEWARE OF FRAUD. Ask for, and insist upon having W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES. None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Look for it when you buy. Sold everywhere.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

A sewed shoe that will not rip; Calf, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

The following are of the same high standard of merit:
$4.00 and $5.00 Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed.
$3.50 Police, Farmers and Letter-Carriers.
$2.50, $2.25 and $2.00 for Working Men.
$2.00 and $1.75 for Youths and Boys.
$3.00 Hand-Sewed, $2.50 and 2.00 Dongola, } LADIES.
$1.75 for Misses.

IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value at the prices advertised as thousands can testify. Do you wear them?

Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where I have no agents. Write for catalogue. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

FOR SALE BY STICKNEY, RITCHIE & CO.

READS TO WORKMEN.

THE NOVEL OCCUPATION FOLLOWED BY A NEW YORK MAN.

Cuban Cigar Makers Pay Him Well For Translating and Reading Aloud Newspapers and Books While They Work—His Audience Sometimes Critical.

The Spanish speaking cigar makers in this town employ a man to read to them while they are at work. In no other industry is this thing done, though it would seem that other workers "by the piece" could imitate the Cubans to advantage. Not only do they keep in touch with all the news, but it keeps them from talking, and there isn't a minute of their time wasted.

The Cubans are great talkers, and this is what probably started the custom in the cigar factories of Havana. When the men were brought to this country to make their cigars in Key West and the lower part of New York city, they wanted a reader more than ever. They are very bright, intelligent fellows, these Cubans, and they take a deep interest in the news of the world as well as the latest intelligence from their own little island. They all subscribe to a fund to pay their reader, and they work all the harder for keeping their mouths closed and their minds employed as they roll the tobacco.

Julian Barreda is probably the most popular of the young men who earn a good living by amusing and instructing the cigar makers. He is a native of Porto Rico, where he learned the English language as well as a great many other things. He has had a college education and can translate the English and American newspapers into Latin and Greek as easily as in Spanish.

He is employed just now in two factories, that of Lozano, Pendas & Co., at 209 Pearl street, and another one at William and Platt streets. When Barreda first came to this country, he could not speak the language very well, though he knew it theoretically and could read and write it. He is a skilled electrician, but could get nothing to do in his line and so went to addressing envelopes at $3.50 a week. There was a vacancy in one of the Cuban cigar factories after awhile, and by that time Barreda had mastered the speech of this country.

He walked into the factory one day, and mounting the table which served as a rostrum for the reader he made a little speech to the men, the purport of which was that he thought he would make a good reader for them.

They told him to go ahead and show what he could do. He pulled a paper out of his pocket and began reading a tariff editorial to them. They demanded more when he had finished the editorial, and he read to them for an hour, translating the cable news, the sensations of the day and the Washington dispatches into their native Spanish. The trial was satisfactory, and he was engaged at once for four hours a day. There were 80 Cubans in the factory at that time, and each agreed to give him 25 cents a week. Then Barreda made an arrangement on the same terms with another factory, which employed 40 men, and he was in receipt of a good income at once.

He reads for 1½ hours at each factory in the morning and for 2½ hours in the afternoon. He has his evenings to himself, but he occupies a couple of hours then in reading the afternoon papers to familiarize himself with the late news, and so his day is a busy one.

"It is not so easy a task as one might suppose," said Barreda to a reporter. "The men are very critical, and if the matter is dull or uninteresting they do not hesitate to shout out and demand a change. They are especially interested in the foreign news. Then they want the general news and anything sensational in the city news. They like scandal. A divorce case or anything on that order just suits them. As fast as the Cuban papers arrive by mail I get them and read them, and the Spanish papers published in the city contain a great deal that the men want to hear.

"In the afternoon I read to them out of some book. Just now I am reading 'Gil Blas' in one shop and a Spanish novel called 'The Two Sisters' in the other. When I have finished a novel, I select half a dozen others that I think will suit them and read them a list of titles. Then they vote on which one I shall begin."

"Are they good listeners?"

"The best in the world. They are working all the time, and they are anxious not to miss a word. They work faster when some one is reading, and they realize that if they ever get to talking together their bill at the end of the week will be just so much less. They are nearly all revolutionists, you know, and there is great chance for argument among them, because they all belong to different factions.

"I have to be very careful in reading the Cuban papers and those published in Spanish in this city that *I do* not miss an editorial representing some particular shade of opinion. No matter how radical it is, it is sure to have some adherent and some sympathizer in the shop."

Barreda has learned to be a very discriminating newspaper reader. He knows when to skip the dry part of an article, and he knows just what newspaper is the one to begin on in the morning.

None of his hearers speaks English, and their desire to know about the country and the city they are living in makes the employment of the reader not only a luxury which few workmen enjoy at their occupations, but an absolute necessity.—New York World.

Fast Colors.

A useful point is made by a writer in The Economist in regard to the term "fast colors," as applied to printed and woven cottons. The rule is laid down that the more delicate in shade a dye is the more difficult it is to fix it in the cotton fiber, but even the crudest colors will fade if goods are imperfectly treated in the laundry. Any of the goods, in fact, that are sold as fast colors, whether of domestic or foreign manufacture, are practically fast, but when subjected to the powerful chemicals of which many of the washing soaps are composed, or when hung out for hours on a clothesline and exposed to the bleaching influences of sun and air, the colors must necessarily fade to a greater or less extent. It is well known that the chemicals contained in washing soaps and similar compounds are in many cases as powerful as those employed in the process of bleaching muslins. In not a few instances, too, they are probably of a greater degree of strength, the result being that they weaken the cloth to an extent that the bleacher would not be disposed to risk.

Shuffleboard.

Shuffleboard is popular enough in England and Scotland and used to be popular here, but it is doubtful whether it ever penetrated this country as far as Buffalo or Pittsburg. It obtained here in drinking saloons run by Scotchmen, and the last of the boards are now to be found in one such place in Brooklyn and a very few in this city. It is the same game as that which is played on shipboard, but in reality both are forms of the old Scotch sport of curling. Shuffleboard as it is played most commonly is played with one pound weights on a long thick board kept well sanded. It requires skill to slide the weights to just the right place, and it requires more skill for the other fellow to knock them off after they get there.—New York Sun.

THE KING HAS PETS.

THIS REFERS TO THE LION AND LITTLE ANIMALS HE LOVES.

A Professional Trainer of Wild Animals Tells Some Interesting Incidents—The Fearlessness of Pigeons Among the Kings of Beasts.

The way lions treat the tiny creatures of animal life is a study. It may be that there is some animal language, and that the legend of the little mouse which saved the lion's life by gnawing the net has become known to the denizens of the jungle and handed down as animal folklore, or it may be that the king of beasts has a positive contempt for anything extremely small, but it is nevertheless a fact that lions will not attack tiny animals when they are put together. Professor Edward Darling, than whom there is no more profound student of a lion's life and character in the country, has made many curious experiments with his five big beasts.

"I never saw a lion kill a rat or a mouse," said Professor Darling, "and I have had many of them put in the cage with my five lions. My attention was first drawn to this when I was on my way from London to Batavia, in Java, on the ship Rotundo. I had my five lions with me, and in the quarter of the ship in which they were housed were many rats. One day I saw Leo, my favorite lion, lying down and holding between his paws very loosely a monster ship rat. I thought perhaps that the cat instinct in the lion had made him catch it and that he would probably play with it awhile, then eat it, and so I watched. Imagine, however, my surprise when I saw him loosen the rat, and the rat made no attempt to get away, but ran up and over his gigantic paws and played with him.

"We were a long time making a trip, and every day this ship's rat went into Leo's cage, and the two played together as gently as two little children. I made several attempts to capture the rat, hoping that perhaps I might take it ashore with me, but I could not succeed, and I promise you that old Leo did not like at all my attempting to interfere with his pet. When we got to Java, we had to take the lion out, and Leo had to lose his pet. He could have killed that rat a thousand times, but he never did it.

"There was another instance subsequent to this where Leo had a pet rat, which makes me believe that the lion has a real fondness for the rodent. It was in 1891 in Calcutta. We were playing at the Maidan, one of those gigantic places in far India, and when I went in to see my pets one morning I saw that Leo had found another rat for a pet. My five lions were all together, but this rat would play only with Leo. There were many other rats in the place, but the other lions would not look at them. It seems to me to be a fact that the lions consider these little animals too small to be touched. I have known of rats being found dead in a lion's cage, but I believe that they were simply killed by the lion rolling on them or stepping on them through carelessness, but lions never eat them.

"In Hamburg once I knew a case of a sick tiger to whom it was deemed necessary to give some fresh, warm blood to tone up his system, and to further this end a live rabbit was put in the cage with the tiger. One would naturally suppose that the tiger would have killed it instantly, but such, however, was not the case. The tiger played with the rabbit for days before he would touch it. He finally killed and ate it.

"Now, my theory is this: A lion, or a tiger, or in fact any wild animal kept alone, grows very lonesome. In their natural state wild beasts always run in pairs. They love companionship, and when put alone they become so lonesome that when another animal, even though it is a rabbit, is put in the same cage with them, they refrain from killing it so as to have its companionship. We have heard of many instances of men being alone—shipwrecked, if you like—making strange friends. Why not a lion? It always made me feel rather bad to think of this tiger in Hamburg killing his little friend. Still even men at times turn on their friends.

"Now, there is another peculiar thing about lions," added Professor Darling, "and that is that they will not eat the flesh of a fowl. You might tempt them with a canvasback duck or the daintiest squab, but they would refuse it. This is a scientific fact. I have tried it many times. I remember once having a swan which had broken its wing. We killed it, dressed it carefully and threw it into the cage of the lions, but they would not touch it, and it finally had to be taken out and thrown away. I have repeatedly put pigeons alive into the cage, just to see what they would do. I have thrown grain down among the lions, and the pigeons have actually got down and hopped around the big brutes, even hopping on their backs, the lions making no attempt to disturb them, even seeming to enjoy their companionship.

"Now, there is something strange about this which is rather difficult to explain. To my mind it argues that a lion is not brutal in his instincts. Savage he undoubtedly is. Fierce at all times, but fierce with justice. I believe every one of my lions has a conscience. I know every one of them knows the difference between right and wrong. They know their wondrous power and are charitable. They would never attempt to injure something which in no way could do them harm. The study of a lion—his habits, character and capabilities—is one of the most interesting I know. It offers a field as yet comparatively unknown, but the more one goes into it the more time one takes to find out just what a lion is and the more he is convinced that he has rightly been named the king of beasts."—New York Tribune.

Wanted a Piano.

Wife—We must have a piano.

Husband—We are neither of us musical.

Wife—I know, but what is home without a piano lamp?—New York Weekly.

Abrogating the Fees.

Mrs. Pigg, a very charming and vivacious widow, called recently on a legal friend of hers to consult him on a matter of interest to her.

"You know, sir," she said to him, "that when the late Mr. Pigg died he left me all his fortune, much to my satisfaction, of course, but he handicapped me with the name of Pigg, which I must say I don't like."

"Well," ventured the attorney, "I presume a handsome woman isn't especially complimented by being left a Pigg."

"I should say not," she laughed. "Now, what I came to see you about was whether or not I must apply to the legislature to get it changed."

"Um—er," he hesitated as if wrestling with a great legal problem, "um—er—yes, but an easier way is to apply to a parson, and I'll pay all the expenses myself."

It was sudden, but a widow is never caught napping, and she appointed that evening for another consultation.—Detroit Free Press.

Royal German Dinners.

A characteristic of all dinners given to the court and military officials by the emperor and empress of Germany is that there is always provided a dish of sweetmeats, which holds as well pictures of the royal pair and their children, each bonbon having a likeness painted upon it. And when the hosts retire there is something approaching a scramble among the dignified officers and functionaries for one of these much valued souvenirs to take home to equally eager wives and daughters.—New York Times.

THE OLD VALENTINE.

A souvenir of the bygone years,
Breathing old odors faint as musk
Which roses spill in dew and dusk;
Its blazoned pages dulled by tears;
Its faded Cupid drooping low,
With broken wing and rusty bow;
A leaf of life turned old and sear,
Yet still she holds it sweet and dear,
For love embalms each simple line
Of that old, faded valentine.

She pores upon the cherished page—
A lily past her morning glow,
But fair as in the long ago,
To such as she what matters age,
Whose love is ageless, and whose truth
Makes in her soul eternal youth?
Still unforgotten kisses thrill
With rapture her swift pulses: still
She cries: "How bright this world would be
Could you, O Love, come back to me,
As once my own and only mine,
My bonny knight and valentine!

"The fault was mine—oh, hapless fate!—
To learn our needs and blame too late,
When prayers and tears cannot atone
For wrong and sorrow dealt our own!"
But, lo, a tread of eager feet
Presages something strange and sweet!
He comes, forgiven, to forgive!
"Sweetheart, to love that is to live,
And love like ours can never die."
Nor need to voice her heart's reply!
More eloquent the dumb, dear sign
Of that long treasured valentine.

—New York Ledger.

An Acrobatic Shine.

The man was tall and lank, with keen blue eyes, looking over a nose like a parrot's beak. A shaggy growth of uneven whiskers sprouted in patches from his face, and he wore a long drab ulster, which partly covered a huge pair of mud covered topboots, into which were stuffed the ends of a varicolored pair of overalls. With a badly worn carpet gripsack in his hand he leaned against the wire fence beside the register's office and called a bootblack.

Two Italians responded, and each claimed the customer. After a volley of Mulberry street expletives each grabbed a foot and set to work. The man eyed them closely and clutched his grip a little tighter. In a moment the bootblacks renewed their dispute, and in their anger yanked the man's feet in the air. For a moment he poised, balanced on the wire, and then with a whoop fell backward upon the withered grass plot. A crowd collected, and the Italians scampered off.

Their victim, with one boot shined and the other muddy, picked himself up slowly.

"Gosh," he muttered, "maybe them 'ere fellers knowed I kept bills in my boots, or else they were durned hard up for work."

He ascended the steps to the bridge and was soon swallowed in the crowd.—New York World.

THE PEDDLER NUISANCE.

So Long as This Swindler Is Patronized, Just So Long Will He Flourish.

If there is one thing that makes the life of a housewife a burden more than another, it is the constant and unremitting visits of that peripatetic vender of "cheap" merchandise yclept the peddler. A knock at the door or a pull at the bell arouses her and disturbs her household duties, and with the expectation that it is some dear friend she tidies her hair, arranges her dress, and with her sweetest smile responds to the summons.

Her smile of pleasure gives way to an expression of disgust, however, when instead of meeting the expected friend she is confronted by an unkempt and disreputable son of faraway Italy or some other foreign clime who importunes her to examine the wonderful array of bargains to be found in his foul smelling pack. If she yields, and after allowing him to scatter his goods over her chairs and sofas she fails to buy, he frequently becomes insolent and is got rid of with difficulty.

That they are a worry and a nuisance is the universal verdict of all householders, but how to suppress them is another story. Kicking the interloper off the stoop and into the street may relieve an individual case, but those who come after him, and their name is legion, do not seem to be deterred by the inhospitable reception given their compatriot, but persist in their calls as long as the neighborhood gives them patronage. The class of customers who encouraged the peddler are often caught by a sly insinuation from the cunning dealer that the goods have been smuggled or secured by fraud or thieving in order to explain their cheapness. But if the woman who welcomes him to her house paws over his wares, buys his goods and encourages him to repeat his visit could view the surroundings of the foreign hawker when at home and before he starts on his pilgrimage to the rural districts, she would hesitate before allowing him to encumber her parlor with his goods or expose her family to the contaminated air engendered by his presence.

Imagine the headquarters of the peddlers, as described in one of the great daily newspapers some months since, where hundreds of them, male and female, with their packs of merchandise, baskets of decaying fruit, fish and vegetables, were packed together in a dark, unventilated cellar, like sardines in a box. When the reporter visited one of these places, the noisome odor was so great that he was almost overcome and was obliged to retreat to the fresh air outside. Vermin crawled all over the walls, over the packs, the baskets and over the bodies of the men, women and children.

Out from these fever breeding kennels their inmates go, entering cleanly village homes and farmhouses, bearing with them the seeds of disease and contagion, to be scattered among the innocent children of the bargain seeking housewife. The peddler is the citizen of no community. He seldom possesses the first elements of honesty, and he is ready and eager to make any guarantee or representation in order to palm off his goods upon the unsuspecting, fully aware of the fact that he will not pass that way again and will therefore not be called upon to make his word good when the fraudulent nature of his transactions are discovered. Only thoughtless people patronize the fly by night hawker, and they invariably receive their just deserts by being thoroughly swindled. The safest plan is to banish all the unsavory breed from your houses when they call and forbid them repeating their visits. Buy only from those whom you know, whose antecedents are good, habits decent and whose regard for their business reputations, if not their innate honesty, would deter them from misrepresenting their merchandise and obtaining your money under false pretenses.

Egg Sucking Boston Girls.

There is a new fad in Boston. It has its origin among young women—mostly of the genus known as the matinee girl. It is drinking raw eggs at the soda fountain in "ladies' lunch" places and similar innocuous resorts. The girls stop, ask for an egg and swallow it from a glass without blinking.—Providence Journal.

Bucklins Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, corns and skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank R. Foster, Druggist.

A hot sling of Carter's Extract of Smartweed will cut the mucus and phlegm out of the throat and lungs in a few hours making it a sure cure and quick cure and preventive for croup, diphtheria, sore throat, pneumonia, etc., as the troubles come from a neglected cold. F. R. Foster.

Not one minute elapses between the taking of One Minute Cough Cure and relief. Why shouldn't people take One Minute Cough Cure? They should. They do. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Carter's cough and consumption cure relieves at once. Try it; never fails. F. R. Foster.

THE GENTEEL POOR.

"OH, THE PITY OF IT!" ONE EXCLAIMS WHEN CONSIDERING THEM.

Straining to Maintain a Position Beyond Their Means—An Anecdote About People Who Manage to Get Along and Get Along by Managing.

Do you know that there is a class of people who suffer and of whom the world never hears? I mean those whom we are apt to call the genteel poor. They are always with us. In my life I have listened to a great many queer stories about them, and they are really to be pitied. They are, many of them, single women of uncertain age, who are obliged to live on infinitesimal incomes and with an amount of style. They can't bring their ideas down to the level of their fortunes. They have always been used to certain things, and they must have or at least appear to have them. They can live only in a particular part of town, no matter if the rent consumes the biggest part of their funds, and they must do other things in just proportion. How do they do it? Why, with an amount of ingenuity that would be valuable in a better cause.

They "manage." That is the word.

The genteel poor "manage" to get along and get along by "managing."

Take a case that I happen to know about. They were a pair of sisters who rented apartments.

I am not afraid to assert that they lived on samples. They went from one grocer to another and collected, little by little, almost all the things they needed for their meager menage.

Sample cans of soup furnished their table at many a midday meal. Their cracker jar was a wonderful mixture of different brands. They did so like a variety, they said. Their bonbon dish was replenished in a way that seemed little short of stealing. They would make periodical calls at various confectioners and at each take a bit of candy from the piles that were exposed to view. Hidden in a bag, or in a muff if it was winter, the aggregate of this booty when taken home formed quite a dishful and helped out at their afternoon receptions, which, in accordance with their ideas of hospitality and the traditions of their family, they always gave during the season.

I used to wonder how they felt when they knelt on Sundays before that gorgeous shrine which they affected and gave the response to that solemn admonition, "Thou shalt not steal," but I fancy they thought it was perfectly legitimate.

They always dressed in black, and I am sure I don't know how they "managed" their wardrobes. I suppose the bargain counters helped them out, and I fancy their gowns were sometimes made by a very swell dressmaker whom years ago they employed as a seamstress and introduced to their wealthy friends. By this the woman was enabled to get a footing, and no doubt gratitude prompted her to give them some help in the reconstruction of their wardrobes.

But this was long ago. I wonder if the younger sister, who now occupies a position as the wife of a wealthy man, is aware that I know all about the gown she wore when she met the man who emancipated her from the thraldom of petty economy. I doubt it, but I do, and I am going to tell you.

The two women had been invited to a dinner given by a swell friend. The elder could not go on account of ill health, but the younger must. Then came the question of what to wear. Everything had been exhausted, and there was no money for a costume. At last, in despair, the younger woman opened a trunk filled with clothing from the rectory—their childhood's home.

She had it! Within its depths there was the black silk robe that her father had worn. It was heavy and of beautiful texture. Its ample folds would make a short skirt and part of a waist.

While in a quandary as to what would fill out the deficiency she saw beneath the velvet pall that had covered her father's coffin. It had been the last loving tribute of a sick parishioner. Here were the train and another part of the waist.

Did no thought of its association with the dead man or remembrance of the solemn service return to her, you ask? Not a bit of it. Beneath it, crumpled up in many creases, was the crape that had draped the altar. Behold what a costume was evolved! A long train of velvet over a skirt of heavy black silk trimmed with folds of crape, whose somber blackness served to make still whiter the neck displayed beneath the decollete corsage. She was elegant indeed, and at the dinner she played her cards so well that she captured an extremely eligible bachelor, and her struggles were over.

But think of it! I know you'll say, "Oh, the pity of it!"

You have often heard the saying: "God help the rich. The poor can beg."

I say the Lord's poor will be taken care of, but pity, oh, pity, the genteel poor!—Boston Herald.

A Real Swell.

The tramp had called at a house where there had been a party the night before and had been given a very good meal at the kitchen table, with the lady of the house superintending the feast. She was a good hearted woman, and thinking the wanderer might appreciate a dainty she had added a dish of ice cream to the menu. She put a spoon beside it, and in a minute or two he was ready for it and she stood by to note his enjoyment.

"I beg your pardon, mum," he said as he picked up the spoon, "will you be kind enough to give me a fork to eat this cream with?" and the good woman almost collapsed.—Detroit Free Press.

His Planets.

A young gentleman was passing an examination in physics. He was asked, "What planets were known to the ancients?"

"Well, sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the earth, but I am not quite certain."—London Punch.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong Druggist, Smethport.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone stifles, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. B. Armstrong Druggist, Smethport Pa.

Carter's cough and consumption cure will cure coughs and croup, acts quick, tastes good. F. R. Foster.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as any thing else. It's easier to cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cure. Better medicine; better result; better try it. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Camphor cream catarrh cure is the best, soothing and healing. F. R. Foster.

It not only relieves; it does more, it cures. We refer to One Minute Cough Cure Suitable for all ages all conditions, at all times. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Carter's cough and consumption cure is the best cough medicine. F. R. Foster.

INSURANCE of all kinds written by W. F. Specht.

Camphor cream catarrh cure will cure a cold in the head. F. R. Foster.

LOVE AND I.

Once I found Love sleeping
And caged him with a smile,
"Now that I have caught you
You must stay awhile."
But he pined and fretted,
Sighing ceaselessly,
As he beat against the bars,
"Give me liberty."
Touched by his lamenting,
I set wide the door;
Out he flew and vanished,
And I was as before.
By my lonely hearthstone
Bitterly I wept,
When with twilight's shadows
Through the door Love crept.
"Though I die when prisoned,"
He whispered, "yet when free—
Oh! woman heed the lesson—
I straight return to thee."

Local Reciprocity.

The application of the principles of reciprocity should be made in every town that is ambitious of attaining prosperity. The mechanic or laborer who lives in a town, and who is dependent on the people of that town or community for employment, who spends his money in another city has no right to complain if his neighbor refuses to employ him, but instead imports a workman from some other locality to build his house, lay his wall or paint his barn, as the case may be.

The merchant or shopkeeper who ignores his townsman in a different line of business when he wishes to make a purchase and goes from home to trade is not entitled to the least consideration from the people of his town. It is the duty of every person residing in a community to as far as possible reciprocate the many benefits which the community has conferred upon him, and the individual who fails in this regard is not endowed with that public spirit which characterizes a good citizen.

Lay of the Croaker.

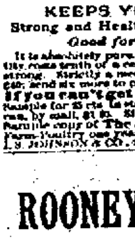
Goin to build an elevator, I hear the folks say.
I warn you now, stranger, 'twon't never pay,
And if you try it da I'll bet my skin
You'll sink every dollar that you put in.
Billville's superior, accordin to my tell,
And Waycross town will beat it all to—well,
'Thout any talkin, you can chalk it down,
An elevator'll never pay in this here town.

There's people livin about here who really say
A north and south railroad's comin this way,
And boast about the size the town's goin to git.
Some even claim 'twill make a city yit.
City nothin! I'll jest bet a speckled cow
'Twon't be this big twenty years from now.
Talk that to them, and they look mad and
frown,
But there'll be no railroad in this here town.

The people that live here? All a sorry lot.
The preacher's a hypocrite, deacon's a sot,
The doctors all quacks, the lawyer a fool,
The teacher the biggest dolt that ever taught
a school;
Boys are all vicious and full of devilltry;
Gals ain't jest what they rully ought to be.
Oh, for meanness we've got great renown,
And it's a bad one—this here town.

They say that factories are comin 'thout fail:
Darned sight better build a good jail,
A poorhouse, reform school and penitentiary
And let our thievin merchants go in free.
So, stranger, you had better take my advice—
I give it to you 'thout money or 'thout price—
If you want to get done and get done brown,
Just invest your money in this here town.

—Jack Crayton.



A DISTURBANCE isn't what you want, if your stomach and bowels are irregular. That's about all you get, though, with the ordinary pill. It may relieve you for the moment, but you're usually in a worse state afterward than before.

This is just where Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do most good. They act in an easy and natural way, very different from the huge, old-fashioned pills. They're not only pleasanter, but there's no reaction afterward, and their help *lasts*. One little sugar-coated Pellet for a gentle laxative or corrective—three for a cathartic. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Dizziness, Sick and Bilious Headaches, are promptly relieved and cured.

They're the smallest, the easiest to take—and the *cheapest* pill you can buy, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You pay only for the *good* you get.

It won't do to experiment with Catarrh. There's the constant danger of driving it to the lungs. You can have a perfect and permanent *cure* with Dr. Sage's Remedy.

Nothing On Earth Will

MAKE HENS LAY

LIKE

Sheridan's Condition Powder!

KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS

Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.

Good for Moulting Hens.

It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. "One large can saved me $40; send six more to prevent Roup," says one customer. If you can't get it send to us. Ask first. Sample for 25 cts. in stamps, five packs $1. Large 2 1/4 lb. can, by mail, $1.20. Six large cans, $5 express prepaid. Sample copy of The Best Poultry Paper sent free. Farm-Poultry one year (price 50c.) and large can $1.50. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House st., Boston, Mass.

GO TO

ROONEY'S MARKET

Wolesale and Retail

—FOR A—

Nice Piece of Meat

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

—FOR—

FRESH & SALT FISH

—AND FOR ALL—

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

I will also pay the highest price for

STOCK AND HIDES

CALL AND SATISFY YOURSELF

Nearly opposite Catholic church. [illegible]

J. F. ROONEY.

Complexion Preserved

DR. HEBRA'S

VIOLA CREAM

Removes Freckles, Pimples, Liver-Moles, Blackheads, Sunburn and Tan, and restores the skin to its original freshness, producing a clear and healthy complexion. Superior to all face preparations and perfectly harmless. At all druggists, or mailed for 50cts. Send for Circular.

VIOLA SKIN SOAP is simply incomparable as a skin purifying Soap, unequaled for the toilet, and without a rival for the nursery. Absolutely pure and delicately medicated. At druggists, Price 25 Cents.

G. C. BITTNER & CO., Toledo, O.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 % PURE

FOR CLOTHES.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CIN'TI.

HENS MUST LAY IN WINTER WHEN

Prolific Poultry Food

Is mixed with their feed every morning. Sold everywhere. 1 lb. 25c, 2½ lbs. 50c, 5 lbs. $1.00. If you cannot get it, send $1.20 to me for a 5 lb. pkg. by express prepaid.

L. S. LORD, Prop., Burlington, Vt., U. S. A.

GLEASON & LEMMLER

Dealers in and Manufacturers of

HARNESS

OF EVERY STYLE AND CHARACTER

Which they will sell at the

LOWEST RATES

They also keep a full supply of

Saddles, Blankets, Whips, Etc.

Also a large and complete invoice

TRUNKS & VALISES

which they propose to sell at manufacturers' prices. Call and examine our stock and prices and become satisfied that it is a waste of time to look elsewhere for goods we sell. We are selling our goods as low as any house west of New York for quality.

GLEASON & LEMMLER

MASONS' SUPPLIES!

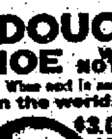
Fresh Lime, Plaster, Cement,

Plastering Hair, Tile of all kinds, Fire and Clay Brick, kept constantly on hand and for sale by

A. REILLY,

SMETHPORT, PA.

15, March 89—ly.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE NOT RIP.

Do you wear them? When next in need try a pair. Best in the world.

$5.00 $4.00 $3.50 $2.50 $2.25 $2.00 FOR GENTLEMEN

$3.00 $2.50 $2.00 $1.75 FOR BOYS $1.75 FOR MISSES

If you want a fine DRESS SHOE, made in the latest styles, don't pay $6 to $8, try my $3, $3.50, $4.00 or $5 Shoe. They fit equal to custom made and look and wear as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, do so by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. Name and price stamped on the bottom, look for it when you buy. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

STICKNEY, RITCHIE & CO.

INSURANCE

Life, Fire and Accident

written by

W. F. SPECHT,

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies.

EMIL THAMM,

Manufacturer of

CIGARS

And Dealer in

CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO

—PIPES, —ETC.—

SMETHPORT, PA.

T. H. PURTLE

General Blacksmithing,

CARRIAGE AND WAGON WORK

WATER ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

Having bought out the carriage and wagon making business of John Servatius, I am now prepared to do all work in the above lines.

CARRIAGE PAINTING A SPECIALTY.

Repairing in all its branches promptly done by the aid of competent workmen. I am able to turn out first class work at moderate prices.

Agent for Edmond's Celebrated Hoof Expander, a positive cure for contracted feet. A reward of $500 will be paid for any case of contraction that cannot be cured by the use of this contrivance.

General or local Agents. $75 a week. [illegible]

RAILROAD GUIDE.

TIME TABLE WESTERN NEW YORK & PENNSYLVANIA

In effect Feb. 18, 1894.

Trains leave Smethport for Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo as follows:

BUFFALO EXPRESS ... [illegible]
BUFFALO MAIL ... [illegible]

Trains leaving Smethport at 2:22 p.m. connect at Olean with River Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, and points south:

CLERMONT MAIL ... [illegible]
CLERMONT ACCOMMODATION ... [illegible]
LOCAL ... [illegible]

Clermont Mail connects through to Johnsonburg.

Get Time Tables giving full information from A. E. Woolsey, Ticket Agent.

R. Bell, General Supt.

J. A. Fellows, Gen. Pass. Agt., Buffalo, N.Y.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua R. R. Co.

Direct line between Bradford, Kane and the Elk county oil field.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MAY [illegible]

WESTWARD. STATIONS. EASTWARD.

[illegible]

JNO. C. McKENNA, [illegible]

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh RAILWAY.

THE SHORT LINE

Between Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney and the Coal and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania. On and after [illegible], passenger trains will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett, daily except Sunday, as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST BOUND.

[illegible]

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH-BOUND.

[illegible]

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of TEN CENTS will be collected by Conductors when fares are paid on trains, from all stations where a Ticket Office is maintained.

For time tables and full information call on or address any of the Company's agents, or

D. LUNDERMAN, Agent Bradford, Pa.

EDWARD C. LAPEY,

J. H. BARRETT, Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Passenger Agent, Rochester, N. Y. Buffalo, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. 19th, 1893.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION

EASTWARD.

[illegible]

WESTWARD.

[illegible]

THROUGH TRAINS FOR EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

[illegible]

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

Daily except Sunday.

[illegible]

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY RAILROAD Time Table, taken effect Monday, [illegible] 1891.

[illegible]

PINE CREEK DIVISION.

[illegible]

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R. TIME TABLE.

Took effect Monday, March 5th, 1894.

[illegible]

H. Hucksteen, Train Master. C. W. Goodyear, Gen'l Manager.

$40.00 PER WEEK FOR WILLING WORKERS

of either sex, any age, in any part of the country, at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. As capital is not required you run no risk. We supply you with all that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Every hour you labor you can easily make a dollar. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in three days at any ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.

H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.